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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 5, 1980

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Editorial

Hell-bent on a journey back to 'Apocalypse Now'

By Peter C. Newman

The most puzzling aspect of René Lévesque's referendum rhetoric is that he trusts so compellingly on the details of how his newly separated nation would operate—right down to the size of its job-breaker fleet, its policy on NATO and tone of its national anthem. Yet he has failed to articulate a single good reason for the independence of Quebec.

Politicians routinely dispense false hope to the faithful, but seldom more so than in this campaign. Lévesque has always played with fire, finding his way along the chain of sparks he ignites with his assaults on the status quo. But by advocating the substance of separation without any accompanying rationale that would justify Canada's breakup, he is misleading his own followers. His simplistic, emotionally charged crusade is an attempt to take his province on a journey back through time, into reminiature of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* than Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*.

Claude Ryan, his back of a nose pointing like a compass needle that never wavers from true north, is launched on a very different course. He believes that the confinements of French Canada's place within Confederation are best broken by a sequence of constitutional reforms which would transform this country without destroying it. His campaign, imply man-

aged as it may be, is rooted in the fundamentally sound proposition that any appeal to sectarian interests on the basis of racial parity is bound to be self-defeating. His is a tough proposition to sell in the face of the Parti Québécois' argument that a referendum defeat will only earn English Canada's disdain, closing the door to significant change.

In this context it's essential for English Canadians to get across to Quebec's voters the clear message that they will interpret their "no" ballots as more than a rejection of separation. Lévesque's defeat would be welcomed by those of us who live outside Quebec, not because it would set back his delusions of nationhood but because it would signal Quebecers' reaffirmation of faith that Canada's two major communities respect and want to accommodate each other's differences.

Claude Ryan's contention that a new deal is possible without resorting to separation remains credible only if English Canada is prepared to interpret a "no" victory as this kind of restatement of mutual trust.

The issue is not—as the constitutional purists in Ottawa seem to believe—the dubious legal validity of the sovereignty-association option. The more urgent reality is that the country and its economy cannot function without the confidence of both partners that their continued union is serving the best interests of each.



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Ottawa edges into the fight

By Susan Riley

In the whitish world of Quebec politics, everyone knows everyone else. Assassinations are staged and covered over years, steering insults finger in public and private newspapers. It was in 1978 that Pierre Trudeau called then-premier Robert Bourassa a "maniac de hooligan," and the remark still galled today. There are fresh scars on the psyche of many federal MPs. Ottawa men have been denounced as "venal" (corrupted) by former schoolmates who are now Parti Québécois militants in Quebec City. And if the early weeks of the Quebec referendum campaign are any indication, the tradition of the insulting slur is being kept well alive—in PQ minister Lucie Péloie's now infamous implication that Madeleine Ryan is an "vette," in Claude Ryan's rather more vulgar remark about PQ Minister Claude Morin, in former Union Nationale chief Roger Gauthier's reference that Ryan is a Judas, and in Ryan's reply that there is no "get-to" (meeting) between them.

If it is true that the quality of political invective in Quebec is higher than elsewhere—and there is ample evidence of that—it may be partly because so many leading politicians, including Ryan and René Lévesque, are former journalists, and partly because they all know one another. There is nothing like personal dislike to sharpen mind and tongue. To this day Ryan and Lévesque—who led a nervous falling out over the 1978 War Measures Act—communicate with one another indirectly, through an intermediary. Gerard D. Lévesque, a Liberal front-bencher in the Quebec National Assembly, René Lévesque and Trudeau have been meeting since the early late when they used to meet in Gerard Pelletier's Montreal home to discuss the issues of the day. Once, the story goes, the cool Trudeau nearly goaded the inflammable Lévesque into physical violence.

This widespread legacy of private spite makes it easier to understand the current uneasy relations between provincial and federal "sons" of France. Claude Ryan is known to be proud, fire-skinned and prone to withering scorn if anyone encroaches on his territory. As a result, Ottawa Liberals are standing by in olivaceous anxiety as Ryan brooks all the rules of modern campaigning. While they fret delicately that he respect tolerance deadlines, he continues to plod through the campaign like a warrior taking last-minute orders on the 74th day. "His doesn't even switch television at home," moans one Ottawa MP. "He's the Trudeau that was, but at least Trudeau listens to his prefrontal advisors."

Ryan is so prickly he even publicly contradicted Trudeau's casual remark last week that the "new" campaign lacks a positive thrust. Relations between the two have been cool and distant for years, and the last thing the feds want is an open split. But they don't want to lose, either. So the feds are running what amounts to a parallel campaign—but very, very diplomatically. It started in earnest this week as Quebec back-benchers deserted Parliament Hill to take part in "hit-ins" in key ridings in Quebec. Federal cabinet ministers will make independent speaking tours—all well-timed to meet media deadlines. The highlight will come Friday, when Trudeau makes the first of three major referendum speeches before the Montreal Chamber of Commerce. He is expected to strike a note of high-minded idealism. But if that doesn't sell, he still has street-fighters. The André Ouellet and Jean Charest are to provide covering fire. (Christians last week blamed the Parti Québécois for a "paganism" that had to be stamped in the thumb before it infected the whole arm.)

Into this highly charged atmosphere three dropped, last week, the annual report of the commissioner of official languages, a rare frontier story of the second-class status of the French language in official Ottawa. Perhaps because the timing is so favorable, perhaps because it was delivered the same day as the federal re-budget and the Ontario budget, the newspaper and critical document received little immediate attention. It noted, in passing, that the Trudeau cabinet still holds its meetings in English but, more importantly, that without the most public service "French remains depressed out of all proportion." Says Commissioner Max Yalden, "Some English-speaking Canadians still need persuading that French along with their breakfast cereal constitutes no threat to their well-being, and some French-speaking Canadians are convincing that we are not just switching over rust on a worn-out machine." They will need convincing, indeed. It is hard to imagine the PQ ignoring the report for long—especially since it amounts to a free contribution from the country's own ammunition dump.

Meanwhile, in the Commons, Opposition MPs continued to push the government for a commitment to a constitutional conference—no matter which side wins the referendum. Trudeau and his ministers were forced to back down from their earlier, transparently phony position that there would be no negotiations if the "no" forces win, that the Commons agreed more than usually irrelevant last week and the talk of constitutional conferences dismissed and pointless. The real battle is being fought in the streets, in chilly hockey arenas and in crowded hotel banquet rooms between old friends and old enemies.

Susan Riley is a Maclean's correspondent in Ottawa.

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5-speed transmission is standard.

The trunk is huge. It gives you a

remarkable 630 litres of cargo space. Of course, in the Volkswagen tradition, baggage on the inside doesn't mean bulkiness on the outside. The wheel base of the Jetta is 94.4 inches. Which means that the Jetta is still compact enough to fit easily into tight parking spots, and manoeuvrable enough to slip neatly through the



Gigantic 630 litre trunk.

busiest city traffic.

The Jetta also gives you 60 hp in the way of standard equipment. A 5 speed manual transmission is standard. As are adjustable, fully reclining front bucket seats. An AM/FM push button stereo radio. 2 speed windshield wipers plus an intermittent cycle. Electrically heated rear window defroster. Cut pile carpeting. Armrests with integrated safety door handles. Centre console and deluxe shift knob. Dual

interior headlights. Black uniform bumpers. Integrated front spoiler. And lockable gas cap.

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AM/FM push button stereo radio.



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To our health

By Sidney Katz

I've got some advice on how to improve the health of Canadians and, at the same time, top billions of dollars off our annual health costs. I think we should study the lifestyle of adherents of the Seventh Day Adventist Church and then explore ways and means of persuading the public to emulate the Adventists in at least some ways.

Adventists are a Protestant, fundamentalist church which originated in New York state about 140 years ago. Today, their worldwide membership totals three million, of whom 36,000 live in Canada. In my opinion, the Adventists provide a way out of our current health dilemma of skyrocketing health costs without an appreciable improvement in the nation's health. Also, they have demolished the belief that the public level of health can be raised by buying more drugs, more surgery, more hospitalizations, more diagnostic procedures and more doctors' services. They offer proof that less is more.

The Adventists' secret of good health at bargain rates stems from a careful reading of their church's every Adventist must commit himself to a lifestyle that promotes physical well-being. Neglect or abuse of the body is frowned. The Adventist takes care to abstain from alcohol and tobacco, and is encouraged to exercise regularly, to get sufficient sleep, to keep weight down and not to overindulge in the consumption of meat. A high proportion of Adventists, in fact, are vegetarians.

The church takes a hard, unswerving line on health habits. If you break the more important rules, you're kicked out. There's a down-to-earth explanation for this uncompromising stance, according to a prominent Adventist pastor I talked to recently: "We Adventists believe we were placed on earth to serve God and our fellowmen," he said. "You can't accomplish your mission if you're physically sick. You should around tired, grumpy and probably hostile. What we want are upbeat people, brimming with energy, enough energy to love and help others."

The wholesome lifestyle is quite apparent in Adventists in groups. They're bright-eyed, enthusiastic and undaunted how to take drugs, consult a doctor or go to hospital. At Adventist religious services, the hymn singing is louder and more spirited than at the performances of other organizations.

One of the tricks by the large number of elderly people at Adventist gatherings who seem to have aged well. A case in point was an Adventist college alumni reunion held recently in Oshawa, Ontario. There was more than a sprinkling of very, very old alumni, some of whom had graduated 45 years before and compared to other old people they appeared to have aged well. They had fewer wrinkles, less sagging flesh. The longevity of the faithful is also reflected in the ordinary course of the fortnightly period-

ical *The Canadian Adventist Messenger*. Within the past few months Frederick Palmer of Victoria, B.C., died at the age of 90; Elizabeth Wagman of Kelowna, B.C., at 90; Tina Schultz of Kamloops, Alberta, at 89. Several studies have confirmed what the eye can see. Comparisons of adult male Adventists with males in the general population revealed that the Adventists live 10 years longer, heart attacks also strike them when they're 30 years older than other people, and only half as frequently, and that Adventists suffer only five per cent the amount of cancer of the mouth, throat and larynx, 18 per cent of ribbons of the liver, 20 per cent lung cancer, 32 per cent leukemia and lymphomas, 41 per cent peptic ulcer, 54 per cent angina and aortic disease and 52 per cent diabetes.

The health advantages of being a devout Adventist become manifest only in life. In a survey of high-school students, only 22 per cent of Adventist boys and girls had an above-average level of cholesterol in their blood. In contrast, the proportion among non-Adventist students was 73 per cent. (An elevated cholesterol level indicates an increased risk of a heart attack.)

A lesson to be learned from the Adventists is that we must assume the responsibility ourselves for keeping healthy. It isn't a job that can be delegated or on a doctor. Nor can good health be purchased as a consumer commodity. Aware of all this, Adventist pastors and interested members are constantly exhorting the faithful to pursue in a wholesome lifestyle. To assist them, they conduct courses on exercising, stress reduction and cooking.

Dr Leon Kass, a University of Chicago medical school physician, recently commented on the pervasiveness of illness being "Other animals," he said, "instinctively eat the right foods and act in such a way as to maintain their naturally given state of health and vigor. They do not overeat, under-eat, knowingly ingest toxic substances or permit their bodies to fall into disuse through sloth." In Genesis, some 2,400 years ago, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, taught that a good lifestyle was the royal road to good health.

In recent years, the spectacular discoveries of scientific medicine have overshadowed the precepts of Hippocrates. Yet, for all its dazzling promise, scientific medicine has failed miserably to usher in a disease-free society. It has remained for the Seventh Day Adventists—and groups like them—to reveal us through words and deeds, that the teachings of Hippocrates are still valid. Recently, the U.S. Federal National Institute of Health undertakes a 10-year study of the motivation of Adventists and their mode of life. We might well embark on a similar investigation in Canada.

Sidney Katz is a Toronto author and writer on health and behavior who has made a detailed study of the dietary lives of the Seventh Day Adventists.



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The truck stops here



By Suzanne Zwerin

Bob Edwards, the legendary, proprietary editor of the Calgary *Her Examiner*, once noted that his city was "petersonately situated within easy reach of the freeway ... and involved in countless affairs around a couple of dozen bars that closed promptly at 11:30, right or wrong." The city hasn't moved, the bars still close promptly, right or wrong, but these days it's the 36-wheelers that are revving in countless orbits around the southeast corner of the city. The big trucks roar and rattle up and down the thoroughways, like Blackfoot Trail, past the brewery and the tank farms, the stockyards, the railway-marshalling yards, the light industry, the home-pool which makes the area look like the back of a rifle. And when the trucks come to rest, they eat at Edna's.

A cold, grey spring rain is slinging across the wet parking lot at the Tempo Truck Stop where Edna Taylor dashes up, bare-headed, in jeans and a sweat-soaked shirt. There's room here for maybe 60 or 70 of the big trucks that haul the country's necessities from Halifax to Vancouver, from California to Calgary. A dozen or more are lined up this afternoon in neat

rows—refrigerators, chicken choppers and portable pipelines, as the refrigerated trucks, poultry trucks and fishers become known in the lingo, with its louché for a colorful turn of phrase. They're all empty, alone in the rain. Their drivers are inside the steaming-windowed cabs, fueling up.

Taylor's restaurant, abutting the diesel-dispensing service station, is the first place truckers head after they left town, says Trudy Chapman, manager of the service station that supplies truckers with everything from showers and towels to washers and dryers. "They have a meal, take a shower and head downtown to the bars for the evening." When the bars close, they head back to their trucks, to overnight in their "sleepers"—mini bedrooms attached to the cabs. They're off again in the morning, with their produce or drilling equipment, to Edmonton or Texas.

There used to be an adobe among tourists that a truck stop with a lot of trucks parked outside was a good place to eat. As the trucks got bigger and the parking spaces smaller, shrewd tourists abandoned the rule, deciding instead that truckers stopped wherever they could park their rigs, whatever the qual-



Lined up at Calgary's Tempo Truck Stop: Edna Taylor. "I feel like home here."

ity of the food. The truckers who eat at Edna's stoutly maintain that the town's very right to begin with. "When you eat out as much as we do, you get tired of restaurant meals," says a Toronto trucker hauling produce. "So you really keep a lookout for good food." Stanley Andrus, who normally lives in Gen. Alberta, but spends 14 hours a day on the road, agrees. "It doesn't matter how much parking there is if the food isn't good, we're not going to eat there more than once."

The food at Edna's is good. Big help-ups at as small a price as you're going to find these days. The truckers, who do everything with hunkapoorj and it in ice cream, admit to big appetites and the potbellies that go with a lot of sitting. And, having peered their pot, they go on ordering such down-home goodies as tagines and



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break playing—with one man.

Edna's other secret, the one that has kept her in business in Calgary for 30 years, is service. "They don't throw the food at you," says one man. "And if you order eggs at 4 p.m. you get eggs, not a smart-ass truck about breakfast being over." You can also get your thumbs filled, take-out chicken and juke with the back of waitresses dicked out in pants and jackets cut like the fancy western suits the Stampede queens wear. "How would you like your eggs?" asks a dark-haired waitress with Molly tattooed on her forearm. "Cooked," whispers a trucker. Molly manages to laugh as though the joke were newly heard.

Nobody mentions the atmosphere, but Taylor has clearly gone to some trouble to make the truckers feel at home. The knotty cedar walls of the cafe are hung with truck paintings. The big rigs are on mirrored backing have the like Super Shocks, the reds and Edna. One can be bought next door at the service station for \$40.95. But the truck art that really intrigues are the paintings where the rigs' running lights are real tiny light bulbs.

Spilling on the paintings are, they don't, from the outside give you a sense of how luxurious trucks have become, says Frank Andrus, like his brother a trucker. "Things have changed a lot in the 18 years I've been driving. No more bouncing around on a hard-as-wood seat, sweating in summer and freezing

winter." Andrus notes that all trucks come with power steering and power windows, AM-FM radio, tape decks and comfortable seats. "But you can also have 75 of you sitting in. Orchestral velvet padding. Iron roofs, showers, running water, even a stove." Andrus puts on 100,000 miles a year, hauling ore all between Calgary and Philadelphia, a 100-mile trip twice a day. With the coming of spring, he's busy juggling him-

Truckers dining, soon leaving 4 p.m. eggs, ketchup, ice cream, potatoes



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The Winnabagos symbolize for him all the tamarins and Sunday drivers who'll be out there on the highways this summer, pottering along at 40 m.p.h. and holding conversations with people in their backseats. "They're far worse than winter," says Andrus, recalling the time he followed one impatient driver for miles before realizing his car had attention with a hint as his air horn. "This kind of east repatriation might be

working. Over the past couple of summers, Andrus has seen more moving traffic than the police, if the legal posture, of pulling over to the paved shoulder to allow other traffic to pass. "But none of them are trying to pass you on double white lines," he adds, clearly.

The Winnabagos, the Sunday drivers, the close calls, the new and expanded rig—that's the talk at Edna's, open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, every

day of the year but Christmas and New Year's. Taylor, herself, is there most of the time, while the talk of trucks and trailers, their mileage and their age, their cost, and the money still owed on their wheels around her. "I seem to work all the time," says the petite 47-year-old Taylor, "but it feels like home here and friends frequently drop by."

For the truckers who spend their lives on the road, it is home. It's a lonely life, says a trucker who quit after five years but sits out at Edna's. "You never meet anyone on the road," he says. "The only time you stop is to eat and who-do you eat with?" He waves his hand at the cafe crowded with men wearing jacked head caps and down vests and sweaters his own question. "Other truck drivers." But it's an unusual truck driver who can stay all the road. Frank Andrus once quit for three months and nearly went crazy. "It's a life of your own," he says. "No boss, no clock to punch, no set hours. If you're stuck at your wife, you get out there and start rolling down the highway and pretty soon nothing else matters. There's nothing else like it." And when it's time for a coffee and a chat, there's nothing like the broad padding at Edna's. With six screens ◊

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Too much, too soon -but that's life

By Peter Lewis

The big difference about being poor in Abu Dhabi is that they feed you, meet your needs, offer you work if you want it and heartily encourage you to breed. Apart from that, however, all you get as a poor man in the richest society on earth, where per capita income this year may top \$16,000, is a belly of envy.

In the United Arab Emirates, the collection of seven tiny emirates strung out along the eastern Persian Gulf coast of which Abu Dhabi is the largest, myths abound, and none more potently

than the one which suggests that everybody is rich. One man who can debunk it is Ahmed Shawkan, a longshoreman of Yemeni origin who earns barely \$200 for a month's backbreaking labor at the docks. Another is the crippled weaver in the main market who collects fish heads in a plastic bucket to feed creatures even less fortunate than himself, the stray cats of Abu Dhabi.

The official handbook issued by the government admits there are "disadvantaged" in Abu Dhabi, and goes on to

Abu Dhabi's poor and the "extremely" rich, backwater of the Third World



identify them as widows, the disabled, illegitimate children and "unmarried women aged 40 and over." But while it wants to add they are given monthly allowances of \$100, free housing and medical attention as well as subsidized food, it glosses over both the fact that money does not stretch far in the desert sheldom and that such benefits are restricted to survivors of Abu Dhabi. The latter form barely a quarter of the emirate's 250-300 population, amounting to a pampered minority in their own land, and it could be safely assumed that only those Abu Dhabi men who fall through the welfare net through ignorance of their rights are poor. While you find real poverty in the top-heavy foreign community, with its army of maids, teachers and illegal immigrants.

"The first time I slipped into Abu Dhabi I slept on a building site and ate leftovers from the workers' meals until I was caught and reported," recalled the Yemeni Shawkan. "When I awoke back they discovered me almost at once but they let me stay to work on the docks because they're short of hands. But it's not a life." In fact, Shawkan is a slave in everything but name. He toils up to 14 hours a day except during Ramadan (the Muslims' annual month of fasting) and out of the \$200 dollars he earns, \$50 go as a monthly "contribution" to the officials who permitted him to stay, \$50 pay his share in the rent of a shack—its one luxury is an air conditioner—another \$50 buy his food (no subsidized) and \$50 are for extras. The rest he sends to his parents in South Yemen. Yet if he were to fall sick Shawkan would, even as a foreigner, be treated free, and were he to marry—an unlikely event given that non-Emirati women three to one in the emirates—has offspring would be gladly taken into underpopulated Abu Dhabi's homes, winning citizenship and all the perks attached to it.

Any Western country with a \$26,000-per-capita income would be likely to set its poverty line at about \$7,000 to \$8,000 per family. If this standard were applied to the emirates, about 90 per cent of the population would need to be declared paupers. But the West's definition of poverty and way of sharing wealth can scarcely be applied to a nation that lived mainly off a waning pearl industry until it started screaming in the 1970s, to explode in an orgy of development.

That advance has been paged, leaving the rich grotesquely rich and the poor as far behind as a lame camel, can be attributed not only to a host of material factors but also to Abu Dhabi's failure to solve the basic question of how to build an equitable society on the bones of an Arab philosophy which has always held misery and opulence to be



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obtained by fate. The failure can be seen in the authorities parking the nation-born poor in apartment houses which lack electricity, toilets, doors or workable toilets within. It is evident in their building a fine university at Al Ain but neglecting to assist that children of the underprivileged go to primary school to learn the three Rs.

While these issues stem in part from thoughtlessness, they can also be blamed on the waste and muddled organization which seems to be an appendage of countries that have grown too fast too quickly. Other examples here are the massive goods left to spoil on the wharfs for want of adequate storehouses, or the new cars abandoned on the desert highways after minor crashes because of a lack of spare body parts.

Get the Abu Dhabi poor, entangled as a human resource except in their minds, would not think to complain of their lot because they expect conditions to improve as time goes by and more oil wealth filters down to them. In the meantime they go to work in plastic shoes with hardly a glance at the arrogant parade of Mercedes and Cadillacs on the roads.

Oddly enough, few of these realize how tall Abu Dhabi stands in the world on the strength of its oil. Living in vir-



Poverty is a rock-bottom absolute: waste

tual equates, enjoying only a fraction of the money and more of the prestige generated by black gold, they find it impossible to believe that any Abu Dhabi can make anybody in the mythical rich and new West richer to its taste.

"They are the emirates at a backwater of the Third World whose rulers happened to strike it rich," says American Rex Hagler, a longtime sociologist who ended up working as an engineer as an oil rig off Abu Dhabi for \$70,000 a year. "None of them, and most of all the foreigners, will deny they're better off

than others in the developing world. But this becomes an abstract notion as the gray mouse crawls on a building site in impossible heat for a wage that barely permits him to get by."

Until the poor get a palpably better deal, he maintains, their poverty will persist, within the confines of their emirates, a rock-bottom absolute. As to their reaction with the oil wealth lying under their feet, it would be a cruel joke to pretend that any existed. "For years now," Hagler says, "ask a black cleaning lady in Louisville, Kentucky, if she feels richer for living near to Fort Knox."

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Letters

Slaughter of the innocents

I am surprised that in your article *Israel on Odds With the World* (World, March 24) you had the audacity to judge that the 1978 Israeli raid into southern Lebanon was "a scale out of all proportion to the atrocity." How, does anyone know how much the lives of 30 people are worth or, for that matter, how much the security of an entire nation is worth? The objective of the Israeli raid into southern Lebanon was to wipe out Palestinian terrorist bases so that further murderous activities into Israel could not be carried out. Clearly, I do not condone the murder of civilian bystanders, but the fact is that these "innocent" Lebanese civilians who fell prey to the raid paid the price of allowing their homes to become the headquarters for the terrorist activity. The 30 Israelis murdered on the bus and the 30 wounded were guilty of no such crime.

SHARON GREGG, WINNIPEG

I found your article on Israel very disturbing. The Western world's slow but perceptible shift toward Arab sympathies and the refusal to help Israel is a very security-conscious, I feel they

have good reason. They are almost totally surrounded by hostile countries and are constantly threatened with terrorist attacks from the seemingly unending new friends of the Western nations—the PLO. Israel is full of Holocaust survivors. And they are precisely that, survivors, in every sense of the word. They will teach their children and their children's children to be survivors. I hope that Israel will do everything it deems necessary to ensure its survival, regardless of whether it pleases the world or not.

MICHAEL HUBBARD,
LONDON, ONT.

Once more unto the brick

After reading Pierre Berton's *Pedibus pacis, A Peace That Provokes* (March 24), I am sympathetic with his views, but I find it disappointing that someone of Mr. Berton's stature made an omission. He mentions the lack of architectural restoration programs in universities but, as is too often the case, he has neglected community colleges. Several such colleges have been producing architectural restoration technologists for several years now. These graduates are quite qualified to remedy this "appalling situation," as he describes it.

DAN NORTH OTTAWA

O (Air) Canada ...

After Pottinger's postcard at Air Canada (The \$2.99 Beauty Show ... or \$2.99 in Canada, March 31) I'm in for two reasons. One, on very short notice, Air Canada flew my father-in-law (aged 84, with wheelchair and oxygen, etc.) back from Florida and was most attentive, both during the flight and upon arrival at Toronto. Two, over a period of several years I personally have found Air Canada personnel to be courteous and attentive, often under very difficult conditions. We, as Canadians, have good reason to be proud of this country and its public services, and I put Air Canada at the top of the accolade list, Pottinger's notwithstanding.

W. HASLAM LINDEN, ONT.

Moving with the times

If Madison doesn't know whether Ronald Reagan's *days* are the same as they were 20 years ago, why didn't you telephone him before you shadowed him? (Imagine the *White House With 'Red' Time for Boston*, April 7.) I think the editors were unfair. My own ideas have changed in 20 years, and so, probably, have yours. Now you the cheese in the People section and I don't.

JOHN P. BRADLEY, OTTAWA

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Follow-up

The bitter cost of brotherhood

According to the *Gazette Book of World Records*, the world's longest strike—of barbers' associations in Denmark—lasted 36 years before it ended in 1961. After their second winter on strike against Basse Casade Canada Ltd., woodworkers and builders in Kenora, Ontario, have had plenty of time to dig up such facts. And they help pass the frosty spring mornings inside the "Blue Room," their customized school bus turned picket office, by quipping that "the next 31 years will be the hardest."

The humor just barely masks an in-



creasingly bitter determination to stay in the battle with Basse to the end—whatever that might be. But now fewer than 100 men are left on the picket lines. The strike is slowly eroding these days in the town's newspaper, and radio programs refer to it as "last winter's (1978-79) strike." Basse Casade's communications department has issued statements up to this point that "while members of the Lumber and Sawmill Workers Union theoretically are on strike... the confrontation and hard feelings appear to be ended."

But for the men who remain on the picket line—and for their families—the strike is not merely theoretical. And just below the town's superficial tranquillity there remain the bitter effects of the strike: rifts between friends and within families which, like deep scars, will not heal quickly or cleanly. Striker Ken Ronald, for example, hasn't had much to say in recent months to his brother-in-law, an Ontario Provincial Police officer. Many accounts believe that the provincial police arrested key

holders of pocket lines, and made workers suffer losses of sleep, income,



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Tia Maria goes.

strike leaders is an attempt to break the strike.

The strike began as a wildcat walkout in July, 1978, in Port Francis, after Basic Canada said it wanted its 300 loggers to buy their own equipment and go on piecework, rather than continue to earn an hourly wage (Maritime, April 16, 1979). Considering that the equipment could cost thousands of dollars, workers complained that this amounted to them having to "buy" their jobs. When the union ignored a labor board directive to return to work, they secured an Ontario Supreme Court order to pay fines, the Port Francis sheriff was told to take the \$85 per day fines from the workers' bank accounts. Public protest put an end to that and, in October, 1978, the strike became legal and spread to the Keweenaw area operations.

The strike has meant many changes for women like Judy Harvie, who is married to a striker and was instrumental in organizing the supportive group Women of Strikers. The women have looked mostly by joining the men on the picket line and writing countless letters about the strike to politicians. Some of them have even been arrested while picketing. Families have changed the church they attend because they didn't like a priest's attitude toward the workers. The strikers have boycotted the local Safeway store ever since the store manager told a longtime customer (and striker) that he wished every striker would end up working in a soup kitchen for \$12 an hour.

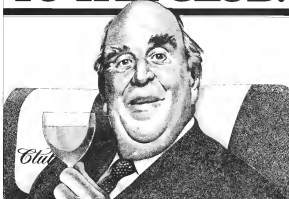
Basic's paper mill has not answered the ransom either. "There's bitterness in that mill that I don't think will go away in my time," says Carl Stephens, president of the mill's Canadian Paperworkers Union local, which refused to cross the lumber-workers' picket line for six months before finally going back to work. Much of his anger is directed at the United Paperworkers International Union, whose 500 members in the mill voted to cross the picket line soon after it went up in October, 1978.

Some claim it's not hurting at all as a result of the strike, although some workers inside the mill disagree. They say production is about 80 per cent of capacity, and add that wood for the mill is coming from as far away as Manitoba and Minnesota.

As for the strikers, many have sold their cars, mortgaged their homes and gone into debt, but continue to survive on meagre strike pay. They push up work where they can, and many of their wives have found jobs. And beyond that, they can only take hope from people like Ontario Federation of Labour Secretary-Treasurer Terry Muehrer, who has vowed: "We'll keep our promise that those people are not going to be starved back to work."

See Volanka

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In the business of the blind leading the blind

It was a horrible shock to 80-year-old Toronto resident Benjamin Barak — his one-month Hydro bill was \$752.64. After protesting repeatedly to the utility, Barak finally paid the full amount, since the bill was technically accurate. The problem was that Barak was deaf. He never heard the dripping faucet that would empty his pocket.

There are more than one million Canadians who live, like Barak, with the frustrations of physical or mental disabilities. For this community none hope for a better world came last week, with the grand opening in Toronto of a centre to crusade for the rights of handicapped people — ANCH (Advocacy Network Centre for the Handicapped), at 40 Orchard View Blvd. The centre actually started taking cases on March 17, when the three-person operation — Executive Director J. David Baker, consulting legal worker Michael Yule and legal secretary Anne Ziffin — handled a complaint

under the Blind Persons Rights Act. Two blind people trying to catch a train were refused access to a taxi because of their guide dog, and missed the train. ANCH is also considering the case of a cerebral palsy victim who was evicted from a restaurant because the owner thought he was drunk. The centre is willing not only to represent such complainants in court but also to set precedents in test cases and to effect law reforms. ANCH also seeks to keep members up to date on relevant legal changes and to teach the general public about the needs and rights of handicapped people.

The centre's main goal, though, is not to put itself on the map but to put itself out of business — to lobby so effectively that the normal legal channels and the public are aware of the special needs of the handicapped. But ANCH's biggest problem may be in deciding which reforms to tackle first. Wheelchair ramps

and special curbless parking spots are needed, the mentally retarded are protesting enforced sterilization, and the deaf are mounting inaction/indifference and being labelled as retarded. The handicapped in general face job discrimination and lack of on-the-job training, inadequate accommodation and public facilities, poor transportation and communications services, and being cut off from society at large.

The ANCH staff is attuned to the problems of its clients. Michael Yule is blind, and is a former outspoken representative of the Toronto-based center (Blind Organization of Self-Help Tactics). Of the 16 board members elected from the separate organizations that deal with specific handicaps, at least half are themselves "nonusers," or handicapped.

The funding for the new centre is provisionally based, coming from the Ontario Legal Aid Plan and the Ontario Association for the Mentally Retarded. But Baker hopes his centre will lead to others. "There is a national need, but we're hoping that with a central office in Toronto and spot-off branches throughout Ontario, we can provide a model for the rest of the country."

June Wideman

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World

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CARTER'S WATERLOO



By Val Ross

Iranians call the salt desert the Kaveh-e Lūt—the place where the biblical city of Sodom was destroyed by a wrathful God and cursed for all time. It was in this cracked-red and salt-crusted woman's-land, 200 miles southeast of Tehran, that late last Thursday night a daring American mission began to take shape. Against midnight, there are more wing-bellied C-130 Hercules transport planes, carrying fuel equipment and 90 commandos, scraped along an abandoned airstrip. Flying in from an unidentified airbase—probably King Abdul Aziz—outside Cairo—the Hercules' commando passengers had been briefed to rendezvous with eight helicopters coming up from the southeast. A short time after they landed in the desert, a thin rain broke the night silence. But six rather than the expected eight choppers settled onto the sand. It was the first hint that the Kaveh-e Lūt was about to witness another disaster or, as the Iranians would tell it, another act of *Al-muqad-dil*.

The mission's problems had begun en route to Iran. Taking off from the aircraft carrier *Nimitz* in the Persian Gulf, the eight choppers had flown low to avoid Iranian radar and were circling in from the east when one developed engine problems and returned to the *Nimitz*.

Iranians at the U.S. embassy celebrate news of the rescue mission. Carter poses on TV: the problems began en route.

six. Next, a mainframe rose out of the darkness below, snagging a second, it too, dropped back. The men in the other choppers heard it drone away with smoking engines—they knew that the six machines remaining were the minimum required to transport 90 commandos and their target—the 53 American hostages held in Tehran—to safety. But now, in the desert, yet another of the giant 98-foot-long, two-engine choppers malfunctioned. With only five left, the commandos frantically radioed base: should they pull out?

The night's ugly surprises were only beginning. As the Americans waited for

word, they began to realize that this lonely desert was far busier place than they had been told. First a sedan, then a truck passed on a nearby road. Then, around 2:38 a.m., a horde of guerrillas lumbered by. The commandos, fearing their presence would be reported to local authorities, stopped it by force.

It was 6:45 p.m. Washington time on Thursday when President Jimmy Carter decided to wrap the mission. The commandos soon got the word to move out, but as they did so, a terrible explosion turned the night suddenly red. One of the ponderous Hercules transports had collided with one of the helicopters. The desperate Americans dragged four burned and wounded men from the wreckage, carried them to the other planes and roared off. On the better salt flats of the Kaveh-e Lūt, they left behind the bodies of eight dead men, seven lives lost or shouldered equines and the ruins of all hopes for a fast and clean solution to the crisis that has dogged the U.S. for the past six months. The disaster could not help but further humiliate America in front of its enemies and alien allies, and continue to undermine the West's faith in American leadership and technical know-how.

As a stunned world slowly grasped the implications of the tragedy, Carter moved quickly to establish the American version of the facts. At a 7 a.m. tele-

voice address to the nation, a grandson, Iraqi president emphasized, "There was no combat," speaking as much, it seemed, to modify Iranian as his own people. His decision had been prodded, he explained, by the failure of negotiations and the apparent intransigence of the Iranian government. Carter revealed that the United States would continue to try peaceful and diplomatic solutions to the hostage situation, and emphasized words like "humanitarianism." But the clearest impression an embarrassed countryman and shocked ally carried away was another word: "failure."

Meanwhile, reaction in Iran was confounding like a tragicomic sequence. First came incredulity. One of the student militants holding the hostages angrily charged that the story of the airborne raid was "a shameful lie, a psychosomatic trick by Carter." Foreign Minister Shahnaz Ghobadadeh was equally vehement in his denial to the news. Then, as the news of the desert fiasco kept flashing around the world's press wires, Iran grew visibly self-conscious. Early Friday morning, a chaotic Persian Air Alouette II helicopter crashed on a desert trip to southwest Iran and flew north to the Karvin-1 air. On returning to Tehran, he visited past disarming reports without comment.

The reports were true, and they fanned firestorm through the streets, causing crowds of university students at their morning prayers, driving them into the streets. By Sunday, a crowd of 10,000 had gathered at the American embassy compound, shouting the militants with flowers, waving car horns, flashing lights. The air mass with rapturousness "Carter is finished! We are the victors!"

Paris, the official news agency, picked up the desert. "The guards and keeper of this spirit are not taking this resolution under the wing of its protection." Finally, in a breathtaking reversal of position, the government claimed that the Iranians had killed the raid all along. Indeed, said Paris, it was their mistake to let the Iranian militants of the Iranian air force to see the American planes had killed the eight commandos had died. Ayatollah Khomeini himself added that more Americans were wandering around the desert wanting to be punished in Washington, as an advertisement. On Friday noon, Iranian President, Bazaar Secretary Shahnaz Ghobadadeh showed last flames with a faint flicker of a smile.

Out of the global bubble, one question quickly surfaced: would the militants hold their hostages as they had threatened to do in the event of American military action? Whether because of the militants' apparent mood of contrast, or



Gregorio (top, left) meets with Ghobadadeh, Brown asserts the press: deaths by what?

thanks to the intervention of Ghobadadeh who begged them to "refrain from harsh action," the militants, by week's end, had not harmed the hostages. Ghobadadeh did continue growth, however, that if another raid were attempted, "the waters of the Persian Gulf" would be set ablaze with Iranian oil. And to thwart such an action, the hostages were reportedly moved from the embassy compound to locations outside Tehran.

But it was becoming increasingly clear that the raid's most dramatic impact was being felt 8,000 miles from Tehran—within the borders of the United States. What in an attack for Carter in his very back on the White House? Iranian, Carter's past political opponents have been gentle, even grateful. Edward Kennedy and Henry Kissinger have both called for national unity. The

really tough and divisive criticism has come from the boom of Carter's own party. Democratic Senator Ted Kennedy, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs committee, and Democratic Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, are both demanding an investigation of whether the president's unilateral action has violated the War Powers Act. Perhaps the toughest criticism for Carter is here, however, will be that of the facil-

Technical failure and plain bad luck

They are known the commandos who set out to rescue the Tehran hostages in "Charlie's Angels." It's a plot among friends. The commander Col. Charles A. DeLoach, a Vietnam veteran, Green Beret and legend as toughness in the U.S. armed forces, is affectionately called "Charlie" by all of his men. For the past two years his Walling and has been undergoing extensive training in secret at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. There are 180 all them in it and their official code name is Delta. They were being held in reserve for just such a crisis as the one in Iran.

Only a few days after the take-over of the American embassy in Tehran came last November, the Pentagon had Charlie's Angels that they might be called on for a rescue raid in mid-January the unit left Fort Bragg and moved to a restricted U.S. Army training base in Texas where 4th colonel was in the U.S. embassy in Tehran had been held. Ever since then they have been practicing to take over. Pentagon sources say that Charlie's Angels are the best-trained, best-equipped commandos in the world.

What went wrong then? The answer may be broken in a statement by defense chief Harold Brown, who said: "No other country would even have attempted a raid such as this. Like Ham-

let of hostages. An Bonnie Groves, whose husband is in the embassy, put it "Right death for what?"

The world reaction was, at first, equally sobering and confused, but it soon emerged itself into varying shades of sympathy—with some tough words coming from the predictable quarters. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, on a visit to Paris, said Carter was obviously prepared to "sacrifice lives for his election interests." In the Middle East, not surprisingly, both Israeli and Egyptian leaders who, most believe, were in on the raid, expressed sorrow for the Americans. Prime Minister Menachem Begin, despite the fact that he had earlier warned the Americans be

was against military intervention, rebuffed the attempt a "valiant effort." In Europe, where Carter has not always been perceived as having a complete grasp of the complexities of foreign policy, the allies were cautious and shocked. But they did, for the most part, offer words of support. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was the first to send Carter a kindly needed backing up message praising his "courage."



NO-53 jet helicopter hit the area used in the raid, the USS Intrepid "Yellow"

but Brown had had to make a decision on his own. The plan called for eight modified AH-56 helicopters to leave the airport control tower in the Arabian Sea and fly 500 miles over Iranian desert to a landing spot. That is an incredible journey for helicopters. And everything that went wrong went wrong with the choppers.

A combination of technical failure and bad luck dogged the trip from start to finish. And when Charlie's Angels left they had to leave behind not only the eight desert bodies of their commandos but also seven helicopters which cost \$3 million each and a four-engine C-130 Hercules transport plane which cost \$9.2 million.

Mechanical failure could be the only rea-

son for the failure. Another clue might be found in the numbers. It is known that the Charlie's Angels group had 180 members. But only 90 were involved in the helicopter part of the raid. Nine had happened to be the other 90. After President Jimmy Carter announced that the raid had been aborted, former CIA officials later reported that the whole affair might be some form of front group or diversion for a second, more sophisticated effort against the hostages. It would become more difficult.

But the main factor seems to have been the Americans' feeling that nothing else would work. Certainly they had been disappointed after six months of Iranian diplomacy leading nowhere.

For the families of the dead it seemed as if they were sharing in a spreading American sorrow. In Arkansas lawyer, George Haines, whose 27-year-old son was one of the dead, said the family had guessed something was in the wind. He didn't give up any details. He hadn't even told us he had left the country. He said his staff home: "even his last day cheque and stuff, and his last day I'm saying them for a while." On the subject of his son, he would not be asked: "It was a risk that was worth taking."

Others were not so forgiving. By week's end there was a good deal of criticism in the United States about how other countries had been able to get out of similar holes in the past. What had happened to the 50 helicopters lost in Iran in Mogadishu, Somalia, in October 1977. The Israelis rescued 100 from Entebbe in Uganda in July 1976. And there have been other not-so-much successes. But the U.S. air lift in Lebanon was more difficult than any of them. And it may not be the last.

William Leather

Reverend visits by emissaries to Tehran seeking a peaceful resolution to the crisis had been repeatedly failed. In a January visit, United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim was shut out by both the students holding the hostages and by the ayatollah. Even a United Nations commission which visited last February failed to see the hostages. A mission of economic sanctions—the freezing of Iranian assets in American banks, a complete embargo on exports to Iran—had only served to unite the Iranian more.

As threads of the tangled plot and the tangle of international diplomacy gradually unraveled, certain puzzling questions emerged. If the revolution in the desert had unfolded as it should, how much Iranian blood would have been spilled in the U.S. embassy compound in Tehran—and with what repercussions for international political stability? Or was there a "fifth column" of co-operative Iranians, as Senator John Glenn wondered aloud to reporters after he had been privately briefed by Carter early last Friday morning?

If the questions surrounding the mission's inquiries are ever fully answered, there could be grave repercussions for Middle East peace, did Egyptian President Anwar Sadat permit Egypt's King Hussein to be used to launch the O-108 Hercules force into Iran? Sadat would not confirm an Israeli report that he did. But Sadat showed his hand when he added that if the Americans wanted to try again, they could count on his help in future raids.

In Washington, one final question hung like a sickening mist over the shaken city just how committed was the Christian Carter to a possibly bloody rescue bid? Defense department consultant Edward Lettuch claimed that Carter had "submitted the series down, and as restricted in scope" that he could of the strike force was invi-

George Bush addresses Iranian men on TV, advice to 'return from Iran by ship'



them would result in their death. Understandably the reaction to the Iranian President Jimmy Carter's lone-lead gamble was anything from impatience to disbelief. Between Iran, and in Tehran after breaking the president's ban on travel to Iran and meeting with her captive son for 45 minutes, was Bush. I am angry that our

table. Then why did he do it? At Washington's top think tank, the Brookings Institution, other consultants recalled the patient 18 months, back in 1968, when America had waited for North Korea to free 10 hostages from the spy ship *Paradise*. Carter could have continued to "Paradise" the Iranian hostage crisis. The reason he did not, after all, is explained by Iran's worsening economic plight—a 40-year-old man in his industrial capacity, with such severe effects that Bush-Bader himself admitted, "Economically, we are corpse." While Carter must have considered that a raid, failed or successful, could drive Iran closer to Soviet embrace, the debt was already starting to weigh against its increasing economic pressure from the West. Iran recently signed a flurry of trade deals with the Soviet bloc.

Whatever happens, America's allies have already struck their media out too far on its behalf to retract. Canada, for one, has said it is still committed to the economic sanctions it imposed Washington the day before the raid. Nonetheless, the leader of the West has been visibly wounded. And the worst part for the Americans is that this wound is largely self-inflicted.

With him been Alan Dineen and Nicholas Carr also known to British Columbia Fox and Bill from London in Washington Peter Gable in Brussels. Into Silver in Amsterdam and John Day to Ottawa.

vision echoed the feelings of many. "It was an incredible bungle. It is amazing that they are so apt at losing things up. I can hardly believe it."

As news filtered through Iran, Tehran that government officials were asking the relatives to return home doing anything with the families had little to hold on to but hope and the thought that the hostages still remain a vital part to American-Israeli relations. Lawlighter and Dineen, Marchais whose husband Richard is a foreign service officer who worked in Israel, said the embassy "We are all frightened. We don't know what the situation is going to be. We have to wait and see. We have no choice." Others like Louise Kennedy whose husband is a foreign service officer, were convinced that the embassy might take punitive measures such as cutting off correspondence with the families. "That would be a great blow to us," she said.

A question being asked by the families which had probably never been considered was if it was worth the risk of what might be some pending threat to the hostages that he was seeking to invert. As Marchais put it: "To make the decision to go in at this time he must have been very worried that something was about to be done to the hostages." Only his wife, the Ambassador, William Lowther



Time with husband Kenneth (above left) Kennedy: 'It was an incredible bungle'

president didn't do something so absolutely stupid. I have met the students who are holding the hostages and I saw them. I told them more than the president. The brother of one hostage referenced an idea

Marchais cracks the party whip

By Maria McDonald

When the Paris newspaper *L'Express* produced documents last month purporting to show that French Communist party leader Georges Marchais was still in Nazi Germany in May, 1944—long after he claims to have fled the country and forced labor at a Meissenhardt factory

tanks rolled into Kabul—a move at which even Spanish and Italian Communist leaders expressed outrage—Marchais had not only applauded publicly, but did so again in person on a much photographed trip to Moscow. This week, as he plays host to a European Communist summit which may be the most important since that quirky beast Eurocommunism was born—net



Marchais (above) and conferring with co-leader Théodore Béranger; cries of 'vitchov'!

ty—his followers grudgingly stated within cries of "vitchov!" Declared the party paper, *L'Unité*: "Georges Marchais was and is on the side of all virtues."

That claim couldn't have been made at a more ironic time. As long ago as last summer, Marchais had broken ranks with other European Communist leaders to champion the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, an operation backed and endorsed by the Soviets, and had bitterly dismissed the daily specter of the Asian Holocaust as set off. Then, scarcely two weeks after Soviet

for what it accomplished, but for who doesn't resist—it has become clear that Marchais is no David defending the downtrodden, but a traitor man for the Soviet Goliath looting over the continent. Speaking with the increasingly questioning accents of the Kremlin, he has insisted the role of the Soviet's accidental Wintermaster ordering the party whip to see who does and doesn't jump.

Spanish Communist leader Santiago Carrillo Solares and the Italian's Enrico Berlinguer were both quick to ignore Marchais' invitation to the two-day get-

the first of its kind to be held outside the Communist bloc, marked the death of Eurocommunism, which had once seemed poised to sweep the continent. But in fact, Eurocommunism has been moribund ever since Berlinguer's "structural compromise" failed to win him a vote in the Italian government, and Marchais willfully broke with the French socialist just as their "union of the left" seemed about to win the 1975 elections. Since then, Marchais has increasingly retreated into the Soviet embrace while Berlinguer has grown more distant from it—openly criticizing Mos-

new meeting with European socialist leaders such as France's François Mitterrand in an attempt to forge a new broader-based Ruzdofist and, in one final act, making a pilgrimage to Peking.

Indeed, the refusal to Marseilles invitation was all predictable. As long ago as last January, Marchais met with Berlinguer in Rome on his way to Moscow and reportedly not only came to a parting of the ways over Afghanistan but brushed the proposal for this week's meeting.

Most analysts see the contentious surprise meeting as the Kremlin's attempt, through Marchais, to kill off Eurocommunism in preparation for a new confrontation between the superpowers. In fact, that may be the most serious sign. If Marchais is speaking for the Soviets, it is clear that they have a new, hard party card having thrown out, or given up on, détente. They are dipping in for a new cold war, reminiscent of the late 1940s, and want the battle lines drawn.

As one Soviet



Mitterrand's new, broader-based Ruzdofist

diplomat confirmed in Paris: "In three of crisis, we have to know who our friends are."

That Marchais is proving such an unexpectedly good friend to Moscow has some observers speculating that the Soviets may be blacklisting him with reformers. About his writings, who knows. Others theorize—following a claim that he was trained at Moscow's school for the party elite in 1955—that one reason for his reticence about his personal history is that he may have been a Communist spy even during the war. Whichever the reason, the *Sémité* French leader with the uncertain past is looking confident these days.

Certainly, his journey need not be coming from any sense of camaraderie with his fellow Eurocommunist leaders. As the seats of the Italian, Spanish and Yugoslav delegates remain elegantly empty in Paris this week, Marchais can take secret consolation from a telegram sent by Berlinguer during the press attack only a month ago. Now almost no more intellectual, factually, it pronounced Marchais "affirmative solidarity." ♦

The bloom that died on the vine

Last week marked the sixth anniversary of Portugal's "New Revolution" but for some Portuguese April 25 was more a day of mourning than of celebration. Since 1974, April 25 has been the day of mourning for the elections last December.



Oleto: "We are back in a savage society"

the Democratic Alliance government led by Prime Minister Francisco Sá Carneiro. Now taking the country away from Marxist principles, Lusitanian politicians who shared large estates from their owners are being forced to return them often at gun-

point. Private enterprise is making a comeback and the government intends to reverse drastically the left-wing constitution. To men like 46-year-old Oleto Sousa of Carneiro, an elderly conservative who married into the Armed Forces Movement camp in 1974, all that the revolution represented has been destroyed. Oleto was subsequently jailed and drummed out of the army. And he had lost more of his revolutionary zeal after general elections this fall that made his second bid for the Portuguese presidency. Oleto's correspondent David Davis interviewed him recently on his view of the revolution as it plays on.

Maclean's: Why did the revolution fail to realize the dreams of many Portuguese and dissolve into such confusion?

Oleto: The workers had complete confidence in the Armed Forces Movement. But power was turned over to the political parties too quickly. If the armed forces had retained control until constitutional guarantees were firmly established, then much of this confusion would have been avoided.

Maclean's: What is the likely outcome of this fall's elections?

Oleto: I think the coalition of two right parties and the Marxist party will maintain its unity and could well gain a parliamentary majority. Last time they only won 44 per cent of the vote but that was enough to give them victory because the leftist parties, though they gained 55 per cent, presented themselves in a divided form. This time the left will unite.

Maclean's: Is there any chance of an accommodation between the Socialist and Communist parties?

Oleto: No, I don't think that is possible.

because they are too large and separate forces. While the Socialist Party depends on the West German socialists, the Communist party depends on the Soviet Union.

Maclean's: The government blames Portugal's economic problems on the Socialists. Do you agree?

Oleto: In April 1977 the Socialist government tried to obtain massive loans from the International Monetary Fund. This created a heavy debt and economic collapse. Added to that, all credit was cut off to technicians needing basic materials. As a result unemployment and taxes are high and a new financial collapse is on the way.

Maclean's: How do you view the return of land now said to have been seized illegally from its owners?

Oleto: Agrarian reforms were made after the revolution which could have improved the lot of those working the land. But now, the workers are back to Square 1. The landowners have reclaimed it and are back to a savage society.

Maclean's: From where do you expect to draw support in your campaign to win the presidential election?

Oleto: There is an enormous revolutionary potential in Portugal. I was backed last December by 60 per cent of the population. When next I stand with 17 per cent of the vote—by the enormous campaign waged against me by the major parties I think the rest of the population people will support me.

Maclean's: You became president when asked to give support toward Portuguese membership in NATO.

Oleto: Portugal has no enemies at the moment and should not try to seek alliances. It should maintain an independent stance.

Cuba

And nobody waved goodbye

Not since the British evacuated the beaches at Dunkirk have so many little boats set out on such a desperate journey. They call themselves the "Freedom flotilla," and last week 600 of them bobbed and leaved their way across 110 miles of choppy Caribbean Sea from Florida to pick up refugees in Cuban fishing boats.

The mail-telegram said a free Castro announcement on the front page of its official newspaper, *Granma*—the paper started after the old fishing boat in

Post Office as disoriented Cuban tried to telephone relatives in the United States to come and pick them up. While some waited for a phone for 48 hours, in Miami, 20 miles west of Havana, thousands more gathered on the beach. And, hearing of their countrymen's plight, the huge population of Cuban in Miami were soon offering anyone with a boat up to \$50,000 for every passenger they could carry.

The calls who fled on the tiny boats were all highly vocal in their hatred for Castro—once they got outside of Cuban waters. Many were old, many young and some are sick. Enrique Pina, 32, perhaps the youngest to be given an exit visa while travelling on his own, arrived in Florida with only a Honda motorcycle brochure as luggage. He had no

money. But it was all right. The people in the month had actually come to the embassy to seek refuge and get out of Cuba but they were too late and couldn't get in. There is no liberty in Cuba, New.

Meanwhile, Castro was having the last laugh. He is currently going through a bad economic period with falling tobacco crops and mass unemployment. To deal with the resultant unrest, Castro needed a safety valve to get rid of the malcontents. So only that but the exodus got a big problem in Castro's lap. It is a time when the U.S. economy is in a slump and unemployment high. As a state department official said, "There is no way that the U.S. can accommodate a mass influx of immigrants at this time."

And by the way, the small boats had ferried about 3,000 Cubans into the Miami area and Castro was threatening to reimpose the boats and levy heavy fines against the owners. But it was clear that the Miami Cubans would contrast their shabby service as sailors with the luxury of the U.S. and the end of Castro could have a "boat people" scandal on his hands. This week he will try to work out a compromise with the Cuban community which is almost certain to include an agreement to take more than the 3,000 to 4,000 Cuban refugees the U.S. is already committed to take. Castro is well pleased. He has shifted his embarrassment and a hefty chunk of his problem population into America's court. William Lowder



Great Britain

The house of great repute

The curtains covering the front windows of 38 Ambleside Avenue in the London suburb of Streatham were of the red velvet type, the symbol of English respectability. But when police raided the four-bedroom house just before Christmas they found a highly unusual party in full swing. Waiting on the stairs, clattering 579 "mashed vegetables" was a queue of middle-aged barmaids and businessmen, a few of the realists, a member of the Irish Parliament—and several visitors. The evening's entertainment, food and drink, an obscene film, a live sex show and the sexual favors of the girls.

London was scandalized by the story of the red velvet house last week during the trial of the girls' mother, 46-year-old Cynthia Payne, an charges of controlling prostitution. And while spectators shouted on the street, the girls' mother, newspaper cartoonists had a hey-



A refugee is greeted by relatives in Miami (right) and other Cubans aboard a ship. The crowd called them balloons

which he first went to Cuba to launch his presidency—that any Cubans who so desired were free to leave on the boats that were coming free. Florida to rescue the last of the refugees at the Peruvian embassy (see Maclean's, April 25, 1986).

Within hours there were lines five blocks long in front of the Havana

where to go, but the Cuban community soon welcomed him in and foster parents were found within minutes. "I had to get out of Cuba, said Mr. I was young. Now I hope my parents and brother can come here too."

Wither Queens, 32, joined the flotilla with his wife and six-year-old son. On arrival in Florida he said, "When we get on the boat and push the three-mile line I wanted to cry and shout at the same time." Another refugee, Dr. Eleanor Greenberg, 38, a clinical psychologist who emigrated with his wife and two children, said Cubans were in a state of "paralytic tension." Adding: "There is an anxiety, a feeling of not knowing which way to turn. When you have the youth wanting to leave, you know something is seriously wrong."

One young man who gave only the name Adolfo—his mother and nine brothers are back there in Havana, I must be careful"—had spent nine days at the Peruvian embassy, the last seven of five with no food at all. He described his ordeal there. "There were crowds outside shouting and screaming at us as they called us traitors and

day. One portrayed two victims, naked apart from their clerical collars, at a table in a high-class restaurant with one saying to the other "You know, Brown, I've a horrid feeling all we're going to get for our luncheon Vouchers here is hash."

But others found the court's verdict decidedly unimpressive. Although all 32 men caught in the raid had been let off by the police and their names withheld from the public, Payne was sentenced to 18 months in prison and fined nearly \$11,000.

Selma James, of the English production collective, described the sentence as barbaric. And the protest even spread to the House of Commons, where two dozen MPs tabled a motion criticizing the police for deciding to prosecute Payne. One of the MPs, Sir Robert Kilroy-Gill, said "I do not think that practitioners should be imprisoned again. But in this case it is totally indefensible for one individual to be given a heavy sentence while everyone else gets off scot-free. It is an extreme example of the hypocrisy of the law."

Critics of Payne's treatment also pointed to the admission by the prosecutor that the brothel was well run. Indeed, reporters who were shown around the house last week by former Royal Air Force squadron leader Robert Birch, aged 74 (who wore a lady's wig and described himself as Payne's housekeeper), found the place to be in immaculate

Payne, obscure film and sexual favorite



gulate food tastes. The bedrooms were painted shades of pink and blue with flowered wallpaper and sentimental prints of old masters on the walls. The house itself was ensconced on a sign in the spotlessly clean kitchen it said: "My house is clean enough to be healthy, and dirty enough to be happy."

Joe Mathis

USA

If you can't beat them, leave them

By Catherine Fox

He has been a Republican for 30 years but there's a good chance he will join a Democratic as his vice-presidential running mate. He's against the draft but in favor of a huge tax on gasoline. His hair is silver white, but his face is young.

Ever since the long presidential primary season began, John Anderson, 54, has provided refreshing surprises. He first distinguished himself as the liberal odd man out among Republicans during a debate in Iowa in January. His second-place finishes in Massachusetts and Vermont (he usually articulates Anderson's reaction was "Wow") stopped political reporters downstate



Anderson (left) and with his family. You can catch out and touch these people!

Anderson, nearly 80 per cent of those eligible to vote do so. And that's his major target. Said he "Fifty per cent of the public still has little information about the issues. I can reach out and touch those people. And that is where my campaign will succeed."

Anderson's conservative critics call him "the Democrats' favorite Republican." But his liberal stance on many issues. Not only does he oppose draft registration but he strongly supports the Roper-Nathan Amendment, "freedom of choice" on abortion, civil rights and gun control. As well, he's in favor of a moratorium on nuclear reactor licensing until safety assurances are met.

But Anderson's biggest issue is energy conservation. Early on he took the predictably unpopular stand of advocating a 50-cent tax on gasoline. Explaining that position last week, he said "The major premise of my cam-

Kennedy after winning (above), Washington magazine's special of People's 'selfies'.

aign has been that Americans must develop a new ethic of sacrifice and sharing, of conservation and saving."

Anderson's political career was marked by a series of surprises as his current presidential campaign. A born-again Christian, he got a rare ruling from the liberal American Bar Association when he first went to Congress in 1962. But after Martin Luther King Jr.'s death in 1968 he became a civil rights supporter and today much of his following is on college campuses across "And we break!" He was also one of the first Republican congressmen to call for Richard Nixon's resignation.

Although Anderson lost to the Pennsylvania primary last week while he watched his political future, the primary was crucial for the remaining four candidates during the Democratic and Republican primaries. In the end Senator Edward Kennedy beat Carter by



more than a third—fewer than 30,000 votes out of 1.5 million—that he only just managed to keep his candidacy alive. And while George Bush did beat Reagan in the popular vote—with 80 per cent compared to Reagan's 48 per cent—he is still far behind in the all-important delegate count which will de-

Gunfight at the not-O.K. Corral

When two junior-high-school students were arrested in New York recently for selling a 10-year-old boy police discovered that he had a 38-caliber revolver and a 30-caliber pistol. That incident and many others alerted by the lightning bolt that 12 police officers have been shot dead so far this year in New York's largest handgun war, led to heated exchanges last week with Albany where lawmakers were under way on tough new gun laws for the state.

The debating boards were brought to a boil by a bill proposed by New York City Mayor Edward Koch which provides that anyone found with an illegal handgun or rifle be given a mandatory one-year jail sentence without recourse to plea-bargaining or probation. And backers of the bill cited some staggering figures in its support. What there are an estimated two million illegal handguns in New York City. They pointed out the number seized by police within the past few years has almost doubled and there has been an increase in handgun-related killings at both police and

citizens. Equally disturbing, handguns claimed 1,174 lives across the nation during the first three months of 1983.

Charles Falciano, president of New York City's Policemen's Benevolent Association, argued the policemen's case. "Please, help us," he said. "We're outnumbered 100 to 1. We're at war in the city of New York." The police contend that owning a legal gun doesn't necessarily improve the chances of surviving a robbery or mugging, that protection often backfires. Indeed in a recent case a Chinese restaurant owner who had his gun at a table lately wound his own 13-year-old daughter and, two weeks ago, a Chinese restaurant-

Koch, police at war in the city of New York



side the nomination. And with almost certain was coming up for Reagan in Texas, California and other southern and western states. Bush was in the same boat as Kennedy—still running.

Indeed, the White House now seems more concerned with Anderson's independent run than with Kennedy's challenge to the president. Some polls say that Anderson will win the vote away from both major candidates, but others say that he will hurt the president more and assure a Reagan victory. Said Anderson: "I think that in giving the American people the opportunity to vote for me as an independent candidate, I am overlooking the basic of the political process in this country. This is not an unusual or the two-party system." However, Carter aides have been assigned the task of making sure Anderson does not get on the ballot in as many states as possible. And Republican National Chairman Bill Brock called Anderson's move a "halfhearted effort."

While he hasn't exactly chosen the *Impassable Dream* as his campaign theme song, Anderson's message does remain quiet. Even slinking Teddy Roosevelt didn't pull off a third-party run for the presidency. But at the same time that many people are saying, "Anderson? Good man, but he hasn't got a chance," there are others who remember a candidate four years ago who was known as "Jumpy Who?"

law was killed when he drove his increased gun on two hapless men. Running scared, the police have already made it difficult to obtain an application for a license to carry a handgun.

On the other hand the senate's Republican faction argued that gun control is largely a New York City problem and stressed the average citizen's need for self-protection. Lending their support were spokesmen and the Federation of New York State Rifle and Pistol Clubs who claim existing laws are adequate. As well, the city's correction commissioners testified that the prisons were already almost full and couldn't accommodate an already overcrowded population. And with an illegal handgun, Chief Administrative Judge Herbert David called that the cost of handing, say, 312 new gun trials annually would run about \$2.9 million.

Koch and the police also have a trump card: a recent study of 3,000 New York's Northside. It showed significant decreases in gun-related crimes and homicides in the city in the wake of new laws which made it more mandatory for carrying an unlicensed gun. But even that carried little weight with many of the legislators at Albany's 50-member legislature. More considerably, after a vote which was shot to death in a dust. Lawrence O'Toole

Several years ago, Vancouver film-fetor Debbie Potts drifted off to sleep and was christened *Person* is a dream. "It was me exactly—me and rust," says the 27-year-old redhead, whose style is reminiscent of Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen, and whose hokey, vibrato riffs on *Blue Betty* (Salute Music's) *Person* oozes a stable West Coast folk following, and orders for two early basement-music-produced albums are still coming from as far away as Australia and India. By investing \$27,000 back-borrowed dollars, Potts has produced *Tenacious*, a belatedly released album she hopes will land her a major record contract. "What I want to do is connect myself in front of people, break through the beefiness," says the young/senior, who is noted for her "Young-type" "beauty" without the cloy. "I'm not dealing with the 'ish, ish, I've got to me up to go to the movies with' loneliness," she says. "I'm talking about the other kind."

All the elements of high adventure emanating from the Canadian publishing industry were played out in a British Columbia kitchen last week. Jack Hodgins, the 41-year-old high-school teacher whose *The Remembrance of Joseph Beuys* was a finalist in the Governor-General's Literary Awards, was trying to get his knees to stay knocking in time the phone rang with good or bad news. Little did he know that his publisher, Macmillan of Canada, was in the process of renegeing with Gage Educational Publishing—condemning Hodgins for *CanLit*. All Hodgins could think about was how much the prestige and publicity—and the \$5,000 cash—would help his efforts this year to support his family as writing alone. The phone rang, and Hodgins' editor in Toronto, Doug Gibson, announced in funeral tones: "I thought it would be best if I told you myself." As Hodgins sank that line in a chair, Gibson relayed news of the business deal. Luckily, the phone rang again a few moments later. This time it was Gibson, with news of his victory and congratulations.

Shock waves flooded through Britain when a rumor recently struck that a successful actor, terrible *Schindler's List*, had made off his prep-schooler misanthrope. The Internet Clinic at Murdoch finally had to issue a communique to explain gossip that Bell was at death's door after he was described as looking "emaciated, haggard-eyed and dried up." Act lovers were relieved to learn that Bell was only suffering from the flu and exhaustion. But when he



Person (above) and (below-right) a collaboration is dream and sharp-focus wrinkles.

emerged from the clinic with his wife, Dana, the magnificent ends of his misanthrope were gone, and Dana's secretary, Renée Sabatier, had to make explanations. "Senior Bell's misanthrope is part of him and it would be impossible to show it off. All that has happened is that it has been removed."

"I have always tried to ignore roles," insists the 41-year-old, who, at 41, no longer has to worry about being cast as Jacob. "But I'm finding all these problems my male colleagues don't have. Men become silver-haired charmers. What happens to us? I used to think I'd welcome wrinkles, but in my profession everything is focused on looks. I don't like all the focus—especially when I do it." Wendon has not presented Ullmann from working, though she considered abandoning her career to work on behalf of Cambodian refugees and exiles to organize fund-raising benefits around the luxury train Norway. In her most recent film, *Shindler's List*, Ullmann portrays a woman whose husband of 38 years dies suddenly. While remembering the pains of her life, she finds that her husband had been living



a double life, so she seeks out his mistress. This fall Ullmann will resume her longtime association with *Ingmar Bergman* in a stage production of *August Strindberg's* *Great Play*, followed by another Bergman film. "I like roles that say something," she says without a wrinkle, "and ingenuities never say anything."

Doug Johnson, 64, has retired to his basement once a week for the past 22 years to dry-clean his cowboy hat with cornstarch and a wash brush, since the man known as Mr. Calgary can't afford to be seen in a grubby white hat. Head of the city's tourist and entertainment association, Johnson has used everything from a house-dressing gown to canned "cayuse crap" to sell Calgary, but his trade mark has been the beaming of a white cowboy hat on victory. His realtionship has landed out some 100,000 of them, dropping 4,000 on heads in a single evening. Prince Philip was the only person to refuse it—

"What, another one?" he said as he was handed his third in 1983. More than 1,000 friends gathered to honor Johnson last week when he announced his retirement, and reflecting on his success in making *Stetson* synonymous with Banff, Johnson says: "Calgary is easy to sell—like Christmas."

There is no truth in the rumor that bilingual Yugoslavian beauty *Marisa Plescia* is visiting Prince Maurice. Plescia, 36, is visiting Prince Maurice because "she's very bright, of course," insisted a Toronto publicist promoting Plescia's appearance in a play called *The Locomotive*, which stars Academy Award-winner *Lila Kedrova*. "Plescia doesn't just go with anyone, you know," the publicist leered on, "but I guess I shouldn't be telling you this." Dancer right, agrees Plescia, whose association with the swinging PM goes back to mutual friends and then in Montreal. Still, a visit alone to Plescia's parlor last summer was enough to spark the rumors of

Mr. Calgary (left), Plescia (below) and the Canadian Brass' cayuse crap, a sight at the opera and beer on Friday.



reference. And Plescia did take a recent Friday off from rehearsal to go to Ottawa. "I have a sensation in Ottawa," explains the experienced 35-year-old mother of an eight-year-old son. In fact, she says, "I still call him Mr. Trudeau."

Traveling brass into gold took 36 years, 13 acres of 24-hour gold and upward of \$30,000, but now that the Canadian Brass have a complete set of eight gold-plated matched horns, they're the only quartet in the world to open *The Wall Street Journal* "to see how their instruments are doing," says tuba player *Charles Quakenbush*. The group made its Carnegie Hall debut last week and brought an audience of 2,000

to taste for a five-minute ovation. The five musicians, also including *Swaine Pags*, *Rogaine Watts*, *Prod Mills* and *Russell Adams*, have missed the sobriety of "The Many Brothers of Brass" for their mix of classical and pop music and their masterful playing. During their recent Carnegie concert, they played *John Williams* and *Montezuma* 6 in G major, which they later turned to the spectators as souvenirs. The Brass are doing up their plating—they have just released two albums, *Madness's* *Concave* and *Unconquered*. *Yermolov* will lead out as their first cross-Canada tour next fall.

Colonel Ian Fraser may be an army officer, but it's not surprising that Canada's military turned to him for a tattoo to celebrate the army's 75th birthday this summer. In the past 26 years he has become the force's most renowned tattoo producer. After cutting his teeth on small shows, Fraser wrote, produced and directed the 1985 Canadian Tattoo Last year, without even time for a dress rehearsal, he staged a tattoo for the Queen Mother to mark the opening of the International Gathering of the Clans in Halifax. Now he's designing a two-hour spectacle of guns and drums, marching bands, gymnasts and burlesque dancers. The logistics of handling 700 performers "has't seem as although they bloody well should," says Fraser, who adds that the show won't just be a pageant of history of the army. "We're going to entertain. It's not going to be army, navy, navy drives down your throat."

Professional bad boys *Max Martin* and *Jimmy Goveas* are becoming the Harlem Clubbier of Toronto. The polite applause of Wimbledon seemed light-years away at a Toronto match last week as spectators booed and hollered at the two freckling on Montreal comedians and Maple Leaf owners. "This is the second of the 30," said Goveas, 27, with namo-memo *Shots*, 64, boistering. He says he's thrown on history, cheering and other audience participation, although he recently expected when a teen-ager tried to participate with his wife, Patti, and Goveas had to walk into the stands to defend her. "Nasty" Martin, 33, once a player of authority, is now more of a showman. "There's a good laugh—it's not the same as it was, but I still enjoy it." Asked when he was planning to retire, Goveas replied simply: "When I'm going to get laid out." Who knows? Then he dashed off through a throng of female hangers-on.

Edited by Maurice Perry



A community split in two

By Angela Ferreira

The scene around the large kitchen table in St-Marc de Beauce is richly being played out in a backdrop of Quebec villages where the silver church steeple still stands tall in the folds of the countryside. René Carrier, his wife, Renée, and five of their 15 children are discussing the referendum. "René, [he's] me," says the father. "Renée is a 'no' [Quebec is undecided]. Diane is a 'no'." The family laughs as the numbers are tallied—(it's 10 for "yes" and seven for "no") including the parents—but the discussion gets animated enough. Twenty-six-year-old Bertrand wants almost independence. "We've always been forced to share our riches with others," the father is appalled. "If you separate you won't have oil." Carrier has yet to answer. "But we are rich in electricity," says the father. "You're going to lose wheat and potatoes." Twenty-seven-year-old Bernard is ready for that one. "That's why I want sovereignty—so we can, so we don't have anything." But his father isn't sure. "What makes you think they'll want you? Will Shawano want you?" But Bernard is sure. "If we give a strong 'yes' Trudeau will have to respect it." The father only shakes his head. "We continue to protect our children even if they don't know what they are doing." Bertrand finally gets emancipated. "It's just that sort of paternalism that we're leaving behind." But the father has the last word. "They'll see."

Everywhere the arguments are the same. St-Marc, for that matter the whole graily rolling country of the Basque south of Québec City, is like one big extended family. "The Québécois" exists through it—through friends, neighbours, businesses—so quietly as the winding Chaudière River, which was once the lifeline of the area. A local poll taken recently shows that the town of 10,000 conforms to provincial trends—half the district are "yes" and half are "no" and a good chunk is "undecided," although "undecided" might be a better description. It's the small towns like St-Marc that the statisticians become people, but their end desires are no easier to decipher.

For now the divisions are kept as far-separate, but as the campaign heats up—and there are signs of that happening—there's likely to change. Already many Quebécois that themselves merely act, discussing the referendum to avoid family quarrels. And many merchants just won't come out publicly for or against both sides. Even the local weekly newspaper, *Le Quotidien*, decided not to take a stand because, as Bernard Carrier, its managing editor, explained, "It's half and half. And we have

to live together." A young local "yes" organizer says simply of his difference of opinion with his father: "We just don't look about it." Meanwhile, his "no" counterpart senses that "there is a chink in the town."

There are few who would go as far as René's largest restaurant, who says that

Alfred Ferland—the head of the "yes" campaign—who still remembers the fight to get bilingual money and stamps. Ferland slung in the more than 50-year-old *Éclair* at St-Marc, where conservatism still reigns; that day in 1970 when the French were defeated and the parish priest was forced to sing a song of joy for the British "with tears in his eyes." The



business is at a standstill and parts of families are leaving town until voting day to avoid quarrels. ("We're not staying here. We're leaving until the vote.") Most, like Mayor Pierre Maurice Vachon, whose family founded the town's well-known Vachon chain auto business and who has decided to keep his choice private, simply try to keep the lid on. "Right now you don't see the tension. There is a little conflict but that's all. We are a small centre and people know that if friction is created, it will last for the rest of their lives. We're not the city where people forget."

As with Quebec as a whole, it's best not to approach St-Marc with any stereotypes—although to some degree the division between those voting "yes" and "no" conforms to them. The "yes" people tend to be younger, Francophones, students, artists and small businessmen. The "no" people tend to be older, Liberals, industry owners and farmers. And among all there is a small minority that stays at work. But a walk down the main street of St-Marc depicts any assumptions. A local pharmacist, 36-year-old René-Lucien Maréchal and his wife, Lucie, a piano teacher, are ardent "yes" supporters even though it has cost them more business and proudly rest on their laurels to the local "no" campaign office. Once a regular in the annual fairs, Maréchal remembers having to tolerate a "foreign" symbol—the Queen. His door is a 30-year-old refired judge, Louis-



St-Marc de Beauce (top left) and the Maréchal (above) discuss politics in a town where statistics are people.

local priest, Daniel Jacques, is voting "yes" ("If they asked for independence, peace and simple, I'd jump for it"). He remembers his boyhood in the Irish settlement of Franzen, where the French commitment had to say prayers in English.

In the business sector, the tobaccoist is voting "no," although he won't tell that to just anybody, as in the clothing store salesman across the street ("I can't see Quebec going it alone"). Ferland, the restaurant owner, will tell you the recent campaign of businessmen is voting "no" but across the street René has the 27-year-old owner of a stationary store, Paul Desrosiers, in a "yes" ("If Canada says 'no' to se-



Gauthier, we'll go straight to independence." And even the head of the Chamber of Commerce, 30-year-old Rysen Leblanc, prefers a Canada divided into five economic regions.

It's a lot easier to find the "yes" side of town. Its people are well organized, more visible, more of their own. Their office has been open longer than that of the "no," they've been holding kitchen reunions for three years (since this past week), and they have learned René Levesque's lessons well; they make good lobbyists. Don Remy Minister Marc LeBlond says Quebec needs Alberta's oil. Nonetheless, there's Hyacinthe Québec. With the

five western provinces really refuse to negotiate. However, they need Quebec more than Quebec needs them. West? Quebec love business and benefits? The reform is the same. "They want us to be afraid," says Desrosiers. "It worked in 1990, but that's dead now."

The "no" side is on the defensive. Its arguments don't talk so loudly or so proudly. The R's charge that its arguments are merely negative (fear of losing pensions, federal subsidies) has stuck. It's hard to work up optimism for a country when most of the Beaumonts of St-Marc have not

essentially radical concept like sovereignty-association, a movement largely ignored elsewhere, to take root in an otherwise traditional, truly independent-minded part of Quebec like the Basque. In St-Marc the traditional arbiters of taste and opinion, the court, the mayor and the notary, have been replaced by the direct heirs of television, the rest of society, paper, the electronic constant to referendum day. The Beaumonts, whose experience with him modest anger in fairly restricted compared to Montreal, for instance, nonetheless watch the same



Mayor Vachon (top left), Father Jacques Gauthier, the Gauthier family, Jacques Gauthier (bottom left) created it can last the rest of their lives.

been west of Montreal. The "yes" side walks all over their defenses. Says Desrosiers contemptuously: "The 'no' side doesn't have any arguments. They couldn't change the mind of a 'no' person if they tried." All of Claude Ryan's impressive figures showing Quebec's dependence on Confederation fall like ringing little drums on a score of uncertainties. On the one hand Ryan is condemned for using figures at all ("They're people who talk about numbers" with the pharmacist. "They're trying to buy us") while on the other, "yes" statisticians challenge the "yes" people are sure that given time they could win over just about the whole town. Says "no" worker René L'Honnore, about a brother who is still undecided: "He just hasn't had the time to become informed. He's been building a house." L'Honnore, the head of the Chamber of Commerce, dismisses the "no" people as those "who haven't come far enough in their development." But the real sin of the "no" people, says a local lawyer, a former Liberal National Assembly member and "no" supporter, Denis Sylvestre, is that so many are choosing to be silent out of fear of repercussions. "That's just not good," he says. "It's not just good and bad choices."

To a degree, what is really winning in St-Marc is not Levesque or Ryan or even a particular notion of authoritarian (and there are plenty of those). It is the art of media packaging. That's what permits an

campaign ads and lines to the same easily jingles as the people of Montreal. Every argument put forward, every refusal—every the making of the four western provinces last week—becomes fodder for the public-opinion machine. It's not surprising that the mayor, who has only started his job and likes it, wants to keep his choice "between the top and the bottom." To make it plain without influence anybody. It would only alienate a section of his voters.

Down the river from St-Marc, a 30-year-old hair farmer, Wilfrid Chénier, smiles at all the fuss caused by the referendum. He's the fifth generation to live in the large ancestral-style farmhouse with its wide veranda and ornate woodwork overlooking the Chaudière. Of his 11 children the three sons are voting "yes" and the daughters are all "no." Their differences are not diverse. He's a strong federalist who speaks only French and who visited Anglo Canada for the first time last year on a trip to Niagara Falls. His not far that keeps him in Canada. "My country is Canada and I love it," he says in the slightly lisp-like intonation of the Basque. "It's a beautiful big country." The distinction he blames entirely on tinkering politicians, not the people of Quebec. "I've built my farms. I did my job in my field. They haven't done anything. Staying around the big wood stores, it's easy to feel no cause for concern. It's no matter how the vote goes. After all, as the priest put it: 'The vote is not going to stop the soil from being turned over in the Basque.'"



The Nazi-hunter finds a new ear

Now, at last—four decades later—as the survivors of Hitler's concentration camps and their families now die out, the federal government must be stirring itself into taking action against alleged war criminals living in Canada. At least that is what Solicitor General Robert Kaplan told famed Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal during their meeting last week at the Canadian embassy in Washington—on the day, ironically, that would have been Hitler's 90th birthday.

Wiesenthal, the remarkable Viennese Nazi-hunter who ferreted out Adolf Eichmann, refused to travel to Ottawa

and Canadian accused of war crimes was submitted to the federal government, but it appears that it was lost or destroyed.

Kaplan admitted after the meeting that indeed some war criminals had slipped into the country, and said that "Canadian governments have looked two ways over the last 40 years." He maintained that the subject has remained "a lot of consideration" and denied that there was or is any kind of "understanding, protection or tolerance" of war criminals on the part of "any level of Canadian government."

The suspected war criminals (see page 2) told Wiesenthal that there are eight who have become Canadian citizens. As a result, Kaplan explained, they are under no legal obligation to disclose their past. The government, Kaplan said

The West Six bullets from four big guns

It was the usual display last week of solidarity forever at the Western Premiers' Conference in Lethbridge, but if the four premiers were one in their common alliance against Ottawa, there were still problems on the same front for Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed. While trying to be the typically gracious host for guest premiers Sterling Lyon of Manitoba, Saskatchewan's Allan Rock and Bill Bennett of B.C., Lougheed had his freedom cramped by angry protesters hanging outside the hotel where the two-day conference was held behind closed doors.

In a performance of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't, Lougheed made good use of raw audio, since he preferred to keep a low profile. At the Lethbridge airport, when he spied protesting farmers who had just been ordered back to work, he ducked through an emergency exit to the terminal. When more muted in front of the hotel, Lougheed suffered through the back door and later that night arrived at a reception in the kitchen, detouring around nurses waiting in the lobby.

The next day, a small group from the National Farmers Union, complaining about high interest rates, and a band of church activists representing an organization called Disabled on the Move camped for Lougheed's attention in front of the hotel. Disabled spokesman Frank Mink, 65, of Lethbridge, and even with its rubes Alberta lagged behind other westerners, especially Saskatchewan, in human-rights legislation for the disabled.

When the four premiers did get down to business at the ninth annual conference, they had dense meetings for Ottawa and the people of Quebec. Bewildering their last chance to present the consolidated western opinion on sovereignty-association before the May 20 referendum, the premiers issued a communiqué fully rejecting the concept espoused by René Lévesque and his Parti Québécois government. Although it was the same position they adopted at a similar conference in 1973, this time it carried a more urgent and emphatic tone.

Should Quebec vote "yes," the western premiers would not agree to negotiate sovereignty-association because they see no benefits for the West in proposed economic association with a sovereign Quebec. As Mackenzie explained, the West was not denying Quebec's right to independence but rather the



Lyon, Mackenzie, Lougheed, Bennett (left to right) premiere the pitch.

economic link of a common market between Quebec and the rest of Canada. "The situation is clear," Mackenzie said. "We have rejected the idea of association. If the proposal of sovereignty-association is the only item on the agenda for negotiation, I won't be there."

Instead, the premiers want a renewed federalism, emerging from intense negotiations between Ottawa and the

Beachcombers lose the bingo

Nick Adamski would not be pleased with the fate of the C.C. a popular social club. The 300 members of the 250-vehicle B.C. beachcombers are a fairly independent lot. Currently they are angry and, in a rare and rare cold temporary snow of solidarity, are united in a war with the provincial government over proposed B.C. franchisee standardizing prices paid for seaweed logs. Beachcombers claim the changes would reduce their share by 10 to 25 per cent and they have called a series of meetings up and down the coast. "It is at the government level," they have made their point strongly, says Cull Log Salvage's vice president.

B.C.'s beachcombers are not scheduled in subsidy. From five in the morning until after dark they run their high-powered beak drills among the rocks and seams of the B.C. coast, scavenging logs that have escaped from company log boats, and selling them back to the companies via the Cull Log Salvage Co-operative Association, which largely controls the southern coast. Log salvagers imported 38 million worth of logs last year. The total and what of them can make up to \$10,000 a year, most make considerably less. For beginners it can be as little as \$6,000 to \$10,000 leading to soaked bits of flotsam from log jams (fishery) or in the beach-comber argot (supplemental income. The

abuses were more common when the province introduced guidelines to control the industry in 1984. Beachcombing is not only banned on the East Coast where trucks and trains have supplanted water travel.

The B.C. government says it wants to update and streamline the complicated and costly system of permits. Beachcombers hope to encourage beachcombers to take anything that floats and not just the most profitable (up to \$200 a log).

For their part the steady beachcombers consider themselves businessmen, not pothunters, and say the companies should make more money for clearing up their own waste. "These regulations will mean 10 per cent loss of our income this year," says 35-year-old George Moore, whose father and grandfather were both beachcombers. "It's not possible for clearing up their own waste."

Wesley, who has been a beachcomber for 10 years, says the regulations will mean 10 per cent loss of our income this year. "It's not possible for clearing up their own waste."

And while they're all at some beachcombers are hard to voice another beef—the free loan of boats. George Moore's boat is at the beachcomber Mike Adkinski's. "I've been a beachcomber for 10 years," says Moore, who has been a beachcomber for 10 years. "I've been a beachcomber for 10 years."



Wiesenthal (left), Kaplan in Washington discuss on Hitler's 90th birthday.

to present his evidence and list of alleged war criminals living in Canada. For a number of years he has tried to persuade the federal government into launching an investigation, but Canada has done nothing. Now that the government has finally demonstrated some interest, the meeting had to be arranged on Wiesenthal's terms—outside of Canada, in other words. After the meeting Wiesenthal said "There is no list that has been handed over," but he quickly added that "hundreds, thousands" of war criminals are living in the U.S. and there was no reason to believe that others are not living in Canada.

There has been much talk over the years about Wiesenthal's list of war criminals living in Canada. On one occasion he said there could be as many as 1,000, and it is known that recently, within the past two years, a Wiesenthal dossier involving a half-dozen natural-

"General Adolf Kasper, director of the G-2 intelligence unit, was killed by a Jewish commando in 1945 in the Pacific. He was tried for the killing of soldiers of Jews. Found guilty and hanged two years later in Jerusalem."

assured, will set up an interdepartmental cabinet committee which, unlike other such committees, will not be allowed to languish for years. The committee would explore legal angles that could be used to bring the suspected war criminals to justice. Kaplan suggested that a possible course of action for Canada would be to permit extradition of accused war criminals to countries such as West Germany or Israel for prosecution, but more preferable "would be a domestic trial under our own system of justice, if there were a proper legal framework for doing so."

While in Washington, Kaplan conferred with Allan A. Ryan Jr., director of the U.S. justice department's office of special investigations, which is involved in more than 200 investigations of suspected war criminals. Ryan committed his department to providing Canadian authorities with information relating to suspected war criminals in Canada. Now, at last, it seems the government may finally do something about the suspicion that many have had for years—that war criminals are living in Canada. But the obvious question still remains why has it taken 30 years?

Byron King

New Brunswick

Home is where the park is

When federal and provincial officials in 1969 to create a new national park along Northumberland Strait on the province's east coast, they hoped it would be a valuable preservation area and a magnet for attracting tourists to a long-neglected section of the province. Kouchibougué National Park (the Miqmaq name means "river at the long side") has been both, but year drawing 350,000 visitors to its sandy beaches and delicately beautiful coastal dunes, tidal lagoons and salt marshes. But the park has also been something else—a scene of repeated acts of violence, including arson, shooting and rioting. Last week there was more trouble as a small band of squatters continued to defy authority and occupy what amounts to a small fortress within the park's boundaries.

Kouchibougué's problems go back almost to the beginning when New Brunswick (which across joined the land and then turned it over to the federal

government) had to displace more than 1,000 residents scattered throughout the 96-square-mile park. Repatriation is rarely easy, and this one was characterized by suspicion on one side and a cloying sense of paternalism on the other. Nevertheless, after both levels of government gradually upped their compensation packages, a majority of ex-park dwellers settled their claims. A notable exception was a stocky part-time fisherman and father of nine, Jackie Vautour.

As late as November, 1976, Vautour and his family were still living within the park. Then the police arrived to cart them away, and bulldozers demolished their house. Later, Vautour again had to be forcibly evicted after barricading

himself in a motel where the government had temporarily put him up. That didn't end the struggle either. In July, 1978, the Vautours and a few supporters moved back into the park. They have been there ever since, while the government awaited the outcome of appeal actions against its trespassing order.

The squatters have been living in small cabins they built, some of them made of chipboard, with windows protected by chicken wire and outer walls fortified with logs. The occupants are armed, and Vautour talks as though this is where he has decided to make his final stand. He has said he is prepared to die rather than be forced off the land once more.

A government attempt to remove the



Vautour and friend (below), Roberts, Laflamme and HARTMAN: squatters ready to die over chipboard cabins

group, nonetheless, appeared possible March after the Supreme Court of Canada found New Brunswick's expropriation procedures correct, leaving Vautour as further grounds for appeal. The ruling, however, seemed to be the trigger for a new wave of violence. First, windows in a park building were shot out, with bullets heavily missing a guard inside. Then, a group of Vautour sympathizers invaded park headquarters, escorted the staff out and boarded up windows and doors. When the office was repaired a few days later, police used tear gas to disperse an angry, rock-throwing crowd of 300. Last week police and demonstrators clashed again. Two police cars were overturned and several people were arrested.

The renewed violence at Kouchibougué has raised grave concerns in New Brunswick that something even more serious may occur. A fortnight ago Premier Richard Hatfield flew to Ottawa for an urgent meeting with Environment Minister John Roberts and New Brunswick's cabinet minister responsible, Fisheries Minister Ronald LeBlond. The trio promised some new initiative shortly to try and resolve the explosive situation, but at week's end New Brunswickers were still waiting to hear what it was. David Folisher

Sports

A 'dirty intrigue' heats up

By Hal Quinn

The decision to give the honor night to hold the Olympic Games in the capital of the world's first socialist state has become a controversial controversy to the general recognition of the historical importance and corruption of the foreign political course of our country—U.S.S.R. Communist Party handbook for Party militants

From the day the ancient Olympic Games were revived in ancient Greece, the French seem to get in shape for an antagonistic war with Germany, the Olympics have been fraught with political overtones. The swimmers from closed-door government nations have roared in the locker rooms and across Olympic fields since 1936, and in the Hippodromes here then, even as the pillars of the Games charter repeat, "Sport and politics do not mix." Yet even his that hollow protest seemed so naive, not the day from behind the doors been so loud as last week.

The Olympics in Moscow will be one of the most important events in world sports and one of the dirty intrigues of the masterminds of the boycott can present this. The Soviet news agency, Tass, was responsible to the governments by the Canadian and West German governments that they would support U.S. President Jimmy Carter's movement to boycott the Summer Games—43 days after Carter's first official plea to his allies. The announcements came in the midst of a three-day meeting in Lausanne, Switzerland, of 26 Olympic sports federations and the executive of the International Olympic Committee. At the request of the Soviet Union, the committee had been meeting downtown Moscow to discuss the 1976 lake-side retreat, the Chateau de Valey in an effort to save the 20th Olympic. They were about as successful as the U.S. riders in Iran.

The Canadian decision to support the boycott came on the eve of U.S. Sen-



tary of State Cyrus Vance's visit to Ottawa (during which he was expected to lobby strongly) and ended Canada's neutrality, dating back to January, on the issue of the Soviet take-over of Afghanistan. Then prime minister Joe Clark said it would be inappropriate to attend the Games, while Pierre Trudeau maintained he would support an "effective" boycott—one endorsed by Third World countries. Yet last Tuesday, April 19, External Affairs Minister Mark MacGillivray told a quarter-full House of Commons that Canada would support the boycott, saying: "This government believes that the international situation brought about by Soviet aggression in Afghanistan makes it wholly inappropriate to hold the Olympics in Moscow." MacGillivray stated that there would be no coercion of athletes, no withdrawal of passports (the U.S. government threatened its athletes and potential spectators with such action), but should

Canadian athletes participate in Moscow, they will do so without the moral or financial support of the government of Canada. (Trudeau governments are set to see to Games politics it was Trudeau's stance against Taiwan competing in the Republic of China at the 1976 Montreal Games that launched Taiwanese athletes into the Olympic fold.)

Trudeau and MacGillivray insisted that the announcement was timed to coincide with West Germany's and to persuade the meeting of the Canadian Olympic Association (COA) on the weekend, not as a gesture to Cyrus Vance. MacGillivray said it was only the previous weekend in Salzburg, Austria, when he called to more than 20 ministers and heads of government, "that I had the opportunity of coming to a firm conclusion that an Olympic boycott would be effective." It was three too, he said, that he was able to "re-ordinate strategies for this boycott" with Germany.

The reaction of the Canadian Olympic Association, however, was as predictable as the announcement by Tass. Cyrus Vance said he was pleased COA President Dick Pound accused the Liberal government of "betraying" the athletes, calling the boycott "the most significant use of the Games for political purposes that has occurred in modern times." While some Canadian athletes and sports bodies (including the Calgary group seeking the 1984 Winter Games) supported the government's action, the pentathlon hopeful Duane Jones-Konikowski, protested: "I'm going to try and fight by going as an individual," she said.

The CBC reacted almost before the government had taken action as MacGillivray put it, to "use all the means at its disposal to disavow the CBC from covering the Olympics." Wednesday, CBC President A. W. Johnson announced cancellation of planned live and delayed radio and TV coverage. The public corpo-



What's it all about, Alf?

By Gillian MacKay

Sunlight plays seductively over the lustrious banks of gold, zinc and copper as in the head-office lobby of Noranda Mines Ltd. Impositioned in Fleming 45 floors above Bay Street in Toronto's Commerce Court, they hear bright witness to Noranda's \$10-billion carbide-bound empire of ore bodies, timber forests and petroleum fields. The same qualities of bedrock strength, streaked with metallic brilliance, are nowhere better exemplified than in Noranda's charismatic chairman and president, Alfred Pown.

Now 61, they glimpse more than last week, when Noranda's 17th annual meeting marked for Pown a special kind of personal triumph. During his 18-year reign over Noranda's fan-dung dominions, he has done bitter battle to preserve both his title and his independence, though you would never suspect it to look at him. All blue-eyed candor, his ruddily handsome face glowing with goodly, Pown, 48, professes amusement at his reputation as a heavy-weight. "I don't know where people get that impression. I don't see myself that way at all." But there are occasional cracks in the image of discretion and rectitude, glimpses of the subtle genius beneath. As he recounts for the twentieth time the now notorious tale of Noranda's recent skirmishes with Inco's Ltd., Pown has trouble keeping a straight face. When he recalls how Noranda outmaneuvered Argus Corp. (which was Noranda's largest single shareholder last year) in a bid for B.C. Forest Products Limited in 1988, he cannot restrain his laughter. Pown is no braggart, but if he seems these days to be savoring the taste of some delicious private joke, you can be sure it is not an idle one.

The world has not always appeared in such a smiling light. When Pown said a year ago that he would be glad to see the last of the 1970s, he was not compensating Noranda's skidded into the post-1978 recession like a fast car on an oil slick and only emerged from the wreckage during the metals and forest products recovery of 1982. Pown denies reports that his job was ever on the line, but his go-go spending of the boom years was blamed for Noranda's shocking debt last year's cash shortages. Today, however, with record profits of \$804.5 million in 1979 and capital spending plans totalling \$2 billion, the company is back on the growth track



The turnaround may have made Noranda, on Pown's view, "a lot more fun," but the real test of company humor these days is undoubtedly Branson. The cash-rich investment holding company

Pown (clockwise from top left) highlights some Branson's becoming more self-interested.



controlled by Peter and Edward Branson and the Petties heavily bought \$300 million worth of Noranda shares last October, most of it from Argus, but despite arguments and threats from Branson President and legal counsel Trevor Ryton, those millionaires have put to rest Branson's once source of influence in the company's affairs. Ryton's proud hopes of last fall that he and fellow Branson Director Patrick Keenan would be sitting on the Noranda board by last week's annual meeting now seem quite faded. The same 12 directors who, with the exception of newcomer Darryl McKeough, have served on the Noranda board since 1975 were re-elected last Friday. It is a lineup that one close corporate observer describes as a "rubber stamp for Pown," but which Pown insists could scarcely be improved upon. ("I know it sounds a little arrogant," he said earlier in the week, "but we can't see what an outsider could do for the company that we haven't been doing already.") And so, as Argus Chairman Conrad Black, who parlayed the proceeds of the Noranda sale into a control block of Norcan Energy Resources Limited, slipped into the Nureon board last

week as easily as if it were a warm bath, Branson was still out in the cold. While Ryton winged back from a week of shuffling Branson assets in Brazil, two lower Branson officials attended the Noranda meeting and took turns—between impassioned protests against Noranda's "Chilean" investments—questioning the board like any other shareholder. Scolded by the board, Branson received no warmer welcome from the shareholders. Ryton had once talked of rallying for a proxy battle. Near the close of the meeting, a shareholder got up and voted against Branson's supposed attempts to "dominate" and "ruin" Noranda. He was greeted with thunderous applause.

Back loyalty to a well-motivated and impressive company is not surprising. Nor, in this classic struggle between owners and managers, is it odd to encounter widespread admiration for self-made men like Pown (whose major financial asset is his 45,596 Noranda shares) and, as he does, to resent the arrogant intrusions of the wealthy. Yet the computer-like minds at Branson lose marks for lack on this day. The Noranda board—which was so warm friendly to Argus in its day—was undoubtedly absent in January when it rejected Branson's request for board representation on the grounds that even powerful outside domination could hurt employee morale and corporate relationships. However, at what point do such high-minded sentiments become mere self-interest, and the rights of Branson, a shareholder with 186 per cent of the stock, demand consideration? Noranda's widely considered November sale of shares to its own subsidiaries within weeks of Branson's purchases (thus becoming its own largest shareholder with 31.5 per cent, diluting the Branson holdings and depriving public shareholders of the chance to participate in a public sale of Noranda shares) smacks to many of overconfidence. Ryton is not the only observer who worries that the feverishly devoted Noranda management have come to "sunder the company's fibers."

Noranda has so far been playing a dangerous game of blurring and neutralizing a powerful force, betting no doubt that even in the event of a full-fledged take-over Branson needs more than they need Branson. Though Branson may appear to have been beaten (its quarterly losses ahead of the Brockmans recently rejected a private offer for more than \$20 a share for their Noranda block (though they paid only about \$20 a share in the first round) and may even be preparing for a renewed onslaught. If this is the case, Alf Pown may well start to worry about diplomacy—and Trevor Ryton could begin to see the joke. ☐

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Philip Beekman could afford to be out of the country on some other pressing company business last week during the final negotiations that haggled his company one of the largest deals in corporate history. The 48-year-old, 1986/87-year president of the Seagram Company Ltd. may concern himself intimately with every detail of the giant company's affairs—but he doesn't have to pay all that much attention to the Seagrams oil and gas operations, the slightly anomalous and occasionally even overlooked addition to the company's legendary liquor and spirits business which Beekman, a consumer goods marketing wizard, prefers to entrust to other Seagram experts instead. Last week that "addition" brought Seagram the staggering price of \$2.5 billion (U.S.) in a move completely bucking the current corporate trend toward acquiring oil and gas properties. To the astonishment of the investment community Seagram instead chose to sell oil and gas, expanding the greater part of its wholly owned Dallas-based Texas Pacific Oil Co. to an eager Sun Co. of Butler, Pennsylvania, fetching a price so high that some analysts feel Seagram may have pulled off the deal of the decade.

While Beekman was off doing what he does best—explaining market prospects and strategies for Seagram's liquor products—the two real bosses of the Seagrams empire, Edgar and Charles Brodman, were staying at home, also doing what they do best—and doing together the largest cash transaction in Canadian business history while, incidentally, further enhancing the legendary Brodman's reputation for shrewdness and keen business acumen. It was almost exactly a year ago that the "other" two Brodman brothers, cousins Peter and Edward, straddled the business world with the aggressive takeover of Brennan Ltd., in Toronto, by their own Edgar building company. Now it was time for Edgar and Charles—the "Seagram" Brodmans—to show as Canada's corporate superstars through their forays in Montreal and New York. Their company, with sales last year of \$2.4 billion (U.S.), is one of Canada's few real multinationals.

Just how long the Brodman management decided to plant its Texas Pacific oil and gas subsidiary on the auction block remains a matter of some uncertainty from the time of the original acquisition in 1983. Some analysts viewed

the 1977 appointment of Beekman to the presidency, by luring him away from Colgate-Palmolive Co., as a sign that Seagram intended to dial down in oil and gas and refocus its attention on sound consumer goods by purchasing its wrong liquor marketing back into shape. Others found increasing evidence



Charles (above), Edgar Brodman's boss and energy vice, an ideal fit for Seagram

most the other way around, predicting Seagram would soon become primarily an oil and gas producer with a liquor business on the side. To the average onlooker, the recent merger of Hiram Walker—Goodenow & Werts (Seagram's chief Canadian liquor rival with Consumers' Gas Company seemed

to confirm all the more that booze and energy were an ideal fit, both for cash flow and tax angles. Seagram, however, was obviously taking a different view. Neither as profitable (though much bigger) nor as vulnerable to take-over as Hiram Walker (with \$2.5 per cent of Seagram stock firmly in the hands of the Brodman family through its Camp Investments holding company), Seagram was able to accumulate its oil and gas holding with one clear truth emerging: it had cost Seagram a net total of only \$550 million (U.S.) to develop the Texas Pacific asset over the years, yet its potential market value was obviously vastly higher. No one, not even the country's best analysts, seemed to know what value to place on the Texas Pacific assets—Martin Kaufman of Montreal's Norbit Thomson, for example, and the guess he pursued was about \$2.5 billion—and even Chairman Edgar Brodman, heading at Friday's formal signing at the company headquarters in Montreal, said the move of the Sun offer "took us all a lot by surprise."

What Sun Co. will do with its new acquisition is no doubt. Though paying a premium price for the Texas Pacific properties, which include an estimated 120 million barrels of crude reserves and nearly three million undeveloped acres, Sun—10th-largest oil company in the U.S.—is hardly in need of the potential they provide.

For Seagram, however, the choices may be more difficult. "It's still a bit of a lot of money, even for the Brodmans," notes Toronto analyst Robert Shearman. Acquiring costs of about \$200 million (paid entirely to the U.S. government), Seagram's will have \$1.8 billion to invest. So far there's nothing but the speculation—ranging from further investment in the energy sector to some other take-over (with the senior selling partner out every owner from Colgate-Palmolive to Canadian Pacific). Some say Seagram might use the cash to buy back its own stock, thus increasing the Brodman hold on the company—or say pay large dividends. Brodman has recently set the Brodman Camp family holding company, which in turn might be used to increase the Camp hold on 35-per-cent-owned Cadillac Fairview Corp. Ltd., Canada's foremost real estate development company. In any event, Seagram has no doubt of talent to guide it in its investment plans, with directors ranging from Power Corp's Paul Desmarais, Wood Gundy's Ted McLeod, Bank of Montreal's Fred McNell, Bell Canada's Zeno de Grandpre and CP's Ben Bevilacqua. Whichever happens, says Ben and William of First Marchese Securities in Toronto, "the Seagram-Sun deal may go down as one of the most astute moves in corporate history."

Anthony Whittingham



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Television

Scenes from a marriage a little too real for TV

With her burnt-toast voice, Helen Shaver is ripe for salty comedy. This Canadian veteran of sitcom, photo layout (a discreet black and white spread in *Playboys*) and screen has landed a starring role in a prime-time half-hour weekly show on HBO-TV, *United States*. The passing title refers not primarily to the country in whose west coast the protagonists live but to marriage, in which individual entities merge into federation.

The federation of Richard (Donal Donaghy) and Abby (Shaver) Chapin is almost as tense as that between Quebec and the rest of this country. Richard, a 35-year-old designer, pumps a stationary bicycle in the bedroom and clips intensely hairs from his nostrils. Abby is 32, bright, a bit vicious and tart of tongue—Shaver is so good she

There is no laugh track, and the series is relentlessly disastrophobic, staying for the most part in the "Carpenter" bedroom, usually first thing in the morning (where isn't *The Today Show* clats churchily on, ignored by the couple) or last thing at night. There are no outside Mexico or garishon mothers-in-law to break up the dialogue.

Marital warfare (plus penneknacking soulgazing) is the text of *United States*. Abby calls their marriage World War 22 and Richard whines about why "nobody prepares you for real life." (*United States* says a lot more about real life than most shows on TV and for that reason it's no anomaly. It's the kind of show that has to be left alone, like a new kitten, to draw its own audience. But when *United States* failed to return a bold and wince share in its first outings,



often submerges the affable Bridges. In the 14 years of their union, they have raised two sons, 10-year-old Dylan and 8-year-old Nicky who chatters teatime and in dylantic.

United States opens under white-as-black script titles which issue during the course of the episode, like about (fly cards, they alert us to the fact that the show is not structured like the classic stage play or sitcom, with a carefully engineered beginning, development and denouement). It simply goes on, like a marriage. Viewers tating it to the previous episode of *United States* on March 11, or any episode since, might have been in for a small shock. Had they wandered into the middle of a sophisticated movie showing on television?

POSSIE HARRIS, Bridges, Shaver: Justin Davis on hard-core Marital or mother-in-law

bodybody programmers at NBC started ratcheting it around the prime-time schedule like a shooflick, hoping that somewhere it would more-or-less tap a really made pocket of fans. When local programmers should remember that in January, 1991, a show they thought too daring for mass consumption was left languishing in six time slot and became the biggest hit of the '90s—(it is the *Finally* Though NBC plans to air the 18 episodes it has already purchased, it's hardly likely that new episodes will get made. As *United States* angaged in *Dore Fickler*, "A large order of 'Progressive' Negative, please." **BM MacVicar**

Music

For the record

INTO A MYSTERY
Murray Gold, *Section*
(True North/CBS)

The cover photo, McLachlan, with buckled hair, staring through stars, and the title of the album are enough to make you nervous, but the words and music themselves are playfully free of menace overtones. In fact, McLachlan's singing is so sweet (without the slaying atmosphere that sometimes have seeped in) that even at their dreamiest (*Sleep in the Night*) the songs sound heart-throb. Background vocalists, including Shawn Jackson and Carol Pope, lend a stirring quality to tunes that otherwise might have been nondescript.

NO QUESTIONS
Ivan Padilla
(Chance/MCA)

Impressive Canadian debut albums have been appearing with encouraging frequency of late, and now Padilla's new promise that this isn't Plummer's grizzly voice covering a convincing bit-singer and singer with a sincerely like Graham Parker's *Though the music be*

composed could benefit from a more dramatic touch, it's straightforward, less rock-and-roll and occasionally daring. Sometimes overreaching for literary effect, lyricist Al Hughes has made a major and remarkably intelligent contribution. *Murray Talks*, *Justy Boy* is a chilling ditty about the Yorkshire Ripper, and *Flow* is the Wall (politics) through the wise eyes of a body-rub parlor employee) do everyone proud.

DREAM STREET ROCK
Gordon Lightfoot
(WEA)

On his first new album in two years, Lightfoot is still on a creative rampage. One of *Tranquility*, *Ghosts of Cape Horn* and *On the High Seas*. Unfortunately, everything proceeds with an old-fashioned-gee-whos best predictability. Even though he sings of "an ocean of changes" and a "land of no-man" in a way that makes old Minors sound and McCallum seem like unimaginative stay-at-homes, the tunes sound fresh in a way that makes you feel like you can sing along on the first listening. The Andover, that fast-chopped country classic, has never sounded so laid back, and it's the longest number.



FRANCIS CITY
Teenage Head
(ABC)

The use of additional brass and saxophone doesn't adulterate the punky onslaught of the *Headlines*. O'Brien, hand's guitar and drums. Let's Shake and a version of Eddie Cochran's *Some-thing*. *Like* represent the kind of subterranean rock 'n' roll that, along with the good-natured storm of lead singer Frankie Veasey, has made it one of the country's most enduring new wave acts. However, at 6 1/2 minutes *Inferno* becomes a long-winded desert sign of what happens when the band goes too fancy.



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The Powder Blues from Vancouver are the most recent of increasingly popular Canadian blues bands. With a three-piece horn section, they play a hopper of blues but are as much into their instruments as Downchild, the time-honoured Toronto band that goes in for more guitar in blues tunes. Both groups manage to hoogie and pay respects to traditions without merely aping the originals. Only the really convinced, however, will be likely to single out outstanding tracks on either album. While acknowledging the proficiency of it all, others may find the idea of Canadian blues more reasonable as an ethnographic phenomenon than a musical one.

David Livingston

MAKING SENSATION NO. 5
SIMPSON NO. 10—ADAMS
Conducted by Klaus Tennstedt
(Angel/Capitol—2 discs)

Tennstedt's star is in the ascendant, and his lustre can only be increased by these impressive performances. He's particularly good at anything delicate or elegant, useful approaches in a Mahler audience. It's possible to find dubious



parts—as the magnificent fifth does underplay the drama of the funeral march 3—but there's an extraordinary overall command and at times, as in the serene berceuse of the 10th, he reaches absolute white heat. Here, as elsewhere, the London Philharmonic Orchestra's brass is magnificent. There is some surface radio, too, even on Angel releases and a special pity it is so splendid a set.

REINVENTION REINFORCE/FANCY FREE
Glen Kessler, conducted by
Leopold Bernstein
(Deutsche Grammophon/Polygram)

The only available recording of you of Bernstein's most beguiling, though

least popular, works. Skillfully scored for strings, percussion and violin solo, it offers equal doses of philosophy and pleasure—highly appropriate for a work based on Freud's *Die Traumdeutung*. Glendon Kessler's relative virtue, by turns impassioned and playful, captures both the close arguments and the attractive surface textures, and the Israel Philharmonic is in fine fettle. It seems marvellous, however, when asked to play jump the five-side amount of the ballet suite for *Penny Free* is an over-ambitious score and needs a slower, broader, more tenable performance.

A SURE THING MUSIC OF JEROME KERN
Barry Ackwell, Richard Rodney Bennett
conducted by Neil Richardson
(Angel/Capitol)

Perfect background music—a sweet murmur of a record to be added to company when the lights are dim and the ghosts of old fables start to flicker and, as in Kern's song, smoke gets in your eyes. Bennett's audacious arrangements of many of Kern's best-known tunes are made remarkable by the lush grace and golden sound of Barry Ackwell's horn. But the arrangements eventually come in some degree, as it's a welcome relief when Bennett, again, a few jazz rhythms and breaks out into his own mean piano playing.

John Pearce

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Behavior

Turning a blind eye to art

When Toronto newspaper programmer Natale Giangrosso and a number of other volunteers sat down last year to draw pictures—something none of them had ever done, not even as children—they had more than the usual fear of failure. Being blind, many of them from birth, they knew

bricks, educators, even blind children requesting Kennedy's photograph for their scrapbooks.

When Kennedy started his work in 1973, he realized that even blind people work mainly through touch, they should be able to identify objects by touching outlines of the objects drawn as raised lines on a special pad. His study went much further. Many of his subjects were able to show objects in various and in perspective. Not only could they identify simple representations of objects, they could reproduce them in primitive form on their first attempt.

Kennedy says that in subsequent tests which required blind people



Giangrosso and his sketch. It drew things the way I saw them in my mind's eye

only too well that the bulk of research in this century on blind perception and education said they just couldn't do it. But University of Toronto psychologist John Kennedy thought otherwise. He had the hunch that blind people "saw" in other senses, using the same brain mechanisms as sighted people, and that therefore they can draw.

Giangrosso, along with 68 blind volunteers at Toronto, Barrie, Etam and Aurora, recently proved Kennedy right. "I just drew things the way I saw them in my mind's eye," says Giangrosso, 30, who was born blind. His fledgling artistic endeavors were immediately recognizable: simple stick figures, geometric shapes, even a cartoon-like drawing of a man running. And his personal triumph is a professional one for Bellini-born Kennedy and his colleagues: their groundbreaking findings on the blind's ability to sketch the unseen were published recently in the British journal *New Scientist*, attracting worldwide attention in the form of dozens of letters from artists, psychol-

gists to match written descriptions with drawings, "they matched them up—in 30 out of 40 attempts—just like this."

The problem with earlier tests, he argues, is that the drawings were too complicated for even blindfolded sighted people. "Our graphics are simple. They show only a limited number of relevant, distinguishable features. Leonardo da Vinci's *Lost Supper* draws geologists are just can't go to work." Other research, he charges, simply ignored certain evidence. "A report by the London National Foundation in 1973 says fairly that blind people don't understand drawings and don't find them motivating. Yet in the appendix of the report you have blind people saying, 'Yes, we think pictures would work, I've tried some myself, we understand them'."

For thousands of ordinary blind people, Kennedy's work has obvious educational implications, such as the use of

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raised his drawings in books and the teachers of drawing instructive to art classes for the blind. "We were never encouraged to draw in school," says Oliverio. "It's really a shame." But Kennedy. "There's something innate and intuitive about making pictures that is somewhere deep inside the brain. We've found you can reach it through vision or touch."

This month, working with blind adults in Toledo, Kennedy hopes to establish that blind people also have an intuitive understanding of perspective and convergence. "For about 180 years, people have argued that blind people have no sense of space. Yet we found

Crossed fingers (left), table and spinning wheel with curved spokes, all drawn by people born blind. (see/and talent)

that even blind children with serious learning disabilities—who couldn't remember a question three seconds after you asked it—were able to stand close to a wall, pointing to each corner, and then walk backward and adjust the angle of their arms so that they still pointed to the corner—their sense of convergence was that strong."

Later in May, Kennedy plans to test for graphic indicators of telegraphic ideas like smells and sounds in drawings. Art by his blind subjects has

shown curved spokes of a wheel in motion, trees bending in the wind and tractors lined to indicate dust being kicked up as a person runs. He is also working with neurophysiologist Drew Ray and occupational therapist Deborah Toffolo in applying his theories to people partially blinded by brain damage to the visual area of the cerebral cortex, reducing their vision to shapes and shadows. "Such people," says Ray, "can walk across a room without running into things but have trouble identifying objects visually." Early tests have shown that when they feel angular objects, they later recognize them visually. For instance, if they touch large wooden letters they can learn to see the letters. "We're trying to re-educate vision by using a brain-damaged patient's intact tactile senses," says Ray. "So far, it's working."

Meanwhile, Giampetro is waiting for the financial rewards of his newborn talent. His drawing of a man rearing was chosen as the cover illustration for the November issue in which Kennedy's results were published. He has been promised £10 (\$110) "Gaspers should hear about this," laughs Kennedy. "It's probably the first blind person to receive the artist's fee for a cover magazine illustration."

Cheryl Bookes



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STRESS

THE BUSINESS OF COPING

By Val Plos



Now perpetually harried, brown-tinted sweat, Barry Hall knew he was under stress. Some was the product of his job. As administrative director of The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.'s Canadian marketing division, Hall had a schedule that took him east to coast, overseeing 350 branch employees. Some stress he blamed on himself. He was ambitious and hard-driving, his good-looking but slightly heavy face was often flushed from higher-than-normal blood pressure, slunk from too little sleep. Hall, 36, had been with Manulife 10 years; the company didn't want to lose him. So it plucked up Hall, and 11 other directors and vice-presidents, and dropped them into a company pilot program on stress management. Right at the start, Hall was warned about stress—warned that the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to could, if mismanaged, weaken him. Unless he strengthened mind and body to adapt to stress, hypertension, sleep, alcoholism, coronary and stroke, they could cut short his most productive years.

Next, Hall was whisked away to one of southern Ontario's most fashionable country inns. Before he had even unpacked his bags he was given the sobering results of an exhaustive and intrusive health questionnaire. The over-petuned results found high blood pressure and noted that his chances of having a heart attack or stroke within the next 10 years were slightly higher than average for a man his age. Much discomfort, for the next three days Hall obediently lifted serious the inn's mandatory trails. He exercised fresh salads in a restaurant overlooking a rushing waterfall. He basked in taped "meditation enhancers" while he lay in the four while an American consultant guided him through the mysteries of self-hypnosis.

It's been almost a quarter of a century since the brilliant medical pioneer Dr. Hans Selye (see box, page 50) published *The Stress of Life*—and irreversibly changed medical thinking. Selye argued that vulnerability to disease and breakdown were related to the wear and tear an individual experienced—and even laymen saw the implications. Marshall McLuhan trumpeted that Selye had "revised the mental view of disease." Like a tiny engine that sets off long-term chain reactions throughout an organism, the idea began to catalyze mini-revolutions in medical thinking; in the professions, in the workplace and in people's private lives.

New standard medical tests acknowledge that anywhere from 50 per cent to 90 per cent of diseases are stress-related. With Canada's health bill topping

Three months later, after he was charged emotionally. He has lost 30 pounds and scheduled a sabbatical of dry white wine for his former belt of life. When work gets to him now, he does isometric tension-release exercises to relax his neck and shoulders. The direct cost to the company for the registration of Barry Hall and his colleagues: \$7,200.

It was concern for the Barry Halls, teetering on the very fringes of their corporate ladder that made Manulife decide to launch a stress program—a program that, incidentally, it is committed to expanding. Like many others, the company has made the discovery that is revolutionizing the working world: Stress costs—\$10 to \$12 billion a year in Canada in lost productivity, absenteeism, alcoholism and treatment, according to the International Institute of Stress. The Manulife move was also an inevitable product of the times. Stress management—the business of coping with stress—is a concept whose time has come. And with it comes a clouded trail of thorny questions: Just whose business is it? Is it a secretary's problem or an executive's? Can't both fix it? And who should pay to change them?

It's been almost a quarter of a century since the brilliant medical pioneer Dr. Hans Selye (see box, page 50) published *The Stress of Life*—and irreversibly changed medical thinking. Selye argued that vulnerability to disease and breakdown were related to the wear and tear an individual experienced—and even laymen saw the implications. Marshall McLuhan trumpeted that Selye had "revised the mental view of disease." Like a tiny engine that sets off long-term chain reactions throughout an organism, the idea began to catalyze mini-revolutions in medical thinking; in the professions, in the workplace and in people's private lives.

New standard medical tests acknowledge that anywhere from 50 per cent to 90 per cent of diseases are stress-related. With Canada's health bill topping

\$65 billion annually, and up to \$1 billion of that spent on mental disorders, and with this flood of means bringing only marginal or diminishing returns (according to a Rockefeller Foundation survey of health policy), learning to adapt to stress has become imperative. So much so that, by the popular demand of its professional members, the Canadian Mental Health Association has made stress the theme of its 1980 Mental Health Week. All next week, its media blitz will proclaim "Stress. The more you know about it, the better you cope."

The impact of this imperative reorientation most compellingly at work. One's personal capacity for and private conduct of coping has suddenly become the boss's business. Handpicked employees from Chrysler, Hydro, Hiram, Bell, IBM, Bell Canada, Polaroid, Nickel, Noranda Mines and the steelworks of Ontario's government bureaucracy attended one-day workshops (\$180) offered by Toronto's Modern Information

have the figures to justify their ambitious fitness program. In a cost of \$86,000. A University of Toronto study of the two-year-old program shows that among the newly fit there was a 20-per-cent lower absenteeism rate and a 15-per-cent drop in turnover. If these trends had spread across all of Canada Life's employees, the company might have saved up to \$700,000 a year in salary and labor-replacement costs.

All of which raises an exciting but frightening question: does one man's right to over-drink and over-eat—and where another's burden for his health care begins? So supports the Rockefeller Foundation's health survey *Doing Better and Feeling Worse*. And that's whose recent and potentially pervasive government policies are headed. The 1979 Labour report, *A New Perspective on the Health of Canadians*, spelt it out: prevention, fitness promotion and reversing destructive social habits—"cops" and "boost" and not wearing one's seat belt—must become the core



Stress books, tapes, gaffers (top), R.C. Corporate Cup. Inset: the people doing

Communications Associates, Inc., just one of the scores of management firms offering such a program. Stress management has become the justification for urging employees to attend diet, smoking and alcoholism clinics, and for the increasingly ubiquitous corporate fitness programs. Three hundred corporate clients have bought the services of MPTCA, a Toronto-based preventative health and fitness service, including Pope-Cole, Canada Packers and Harlequin Enterprises (MPTCA is now processing more than half a billion a year. At Canada Life Assurance Co., they

corn of health care professionals. Suddenly, it is universal to be stressed. Ottawa has this year awarded a \$276,000 grant to Dr. Joe Nordmark, co-director of UCL's Western Centre of Preventive and Behavioral Medicine, to study ways to bring relaxation exercises and meditation into standard medical treatment. Last year Action B.C., a provincial physical fitness program, sponsored a Corporate Cup for which 41 companies raced, sweated, ached and battled; this month, 39 companies will compete. Moreover, at a time when most budgets are tighter than a contractor's self-made, Ottawa has plunged up fitness and amateur sport from \$30 million in 1979 to a projected \$40 million for 1980 because, as Assistant Deputy Minister Peter Lennox explains, "a happy



Backstage play-in (left), Hall under office stress: Riffed of thorny questions

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vision is a productive nation."

Stress sells—and open, health-conscious, vibrant and energetic sales are keeping their services. Vancouver's Cole Mountain Institute offers an \$80 "Burn Out" weekend workshop for stressed doctors, social workers and nurses. One American spa program, appealingly titled "The Olympics at Burnwood," is a seven-day stress-relieving retreat to a country club in Georgia, with a \$1,075 price tag. But the ultimate tribute to the marketing of stress management must have been last November's International Conference on Stress in Monte Carlo. The \$300,000 bill was



Toronto businessmen left, Montreal athletic Canadians, and who should pay?



financed by International Health Resorts of California, which flew in three Selye from Montreal to provide. The best of the native International Health Resorts is opening a chain of spas and clinics offering, for around \$2,700, a two-week regimen of diet, exercise and exotic and controversial injections.

Along with the retreats come the gadgets. For \$40, Monopole's Thought Technology Ltd. sells a pocket-size Gelvuzac Skin Response (GSR) model, otherwise known as biofeedback, which alters the volume of its electronic beep as its owner's palm sweat, its arousal level, rises and falls. Fifty thousand owners in more than 80 countries are now learning to consciously control and keep their palms at an acceptably low-stress release.

Stress is also highly successful at selling books. More than 30 copywriting-by-screen books have battered their way into bookstores and best-seller lists in the past decade, the majority were published since 1975. As well there are more than 150,000 magazine articles, monographs, clipbooks and books in the burning library of the International Institute of Stress. The upcoming, two-volume set, of the doors of that institute in Montreal was the tangible, visible cul-

mination of academic, corporate and media theories with the subject. Headed by the grand old man himself, it is housed in Selye's former home, now something of a shrine on the McGill University campus. Its three floors of reading, consulting, living and book-store space, and its staff of 12, are supported by a \$250,000 budget. Among its impressive clients, the institute lists NATO's Advanced Studies Institute, the U.S. Small Business Committee, Sport's Institute Nacional de Industria and the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. It even has a satellite, the Canadian Institute of Stress, also under

Selye's sponsorship, is just getting its \$125,000 funding organized for its opening in Toronto. The two institutes are part of what has grown into intricate, almost organic, patches of research organizations—all all told—and various funding each other information and sending each other messages from Germany, Mexico, Brazil, Japan and the United States.

Perhaps nothing else so clearly signposts the universality of the concern as this—the naming of an international array of parapsychologists who have come to be called stressologists. What's alarming is the army's anxiety with no knowing and no professional self-regulation, herpes, oddballs, mavericks and snake-oil salesmen watch as the chaos rears. Personal managers of one large corporation tell of one private California workshop they attended and were disillusioned by—the stressologist drank Dr. John Howard, a respected Canadian author of a best-seller on stress, recalls his shock on seeing the promotional material of a competing stressologist full of phrases lifted verbatim from his own work. The most sought-after and best-paid stressologists, however, are fully armed with credibility and degrees—all kinds of degrees. Among the troops are consulting physicians such as the Stress Institute's Dr. Rose Macdonald of Montreal and doctor and author James Pappert (Breakdown or Breakthrough), who es-

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A smiling savior for the stressed

Like a saint, *seigneur* (lord) in a monastic robe, lab-coated Dr. Hans Selye has developed in a huge steel chair in his Université de Montréal office and at 73, he can smile back over a lifetime of achievement. A gentle-like man of considerable charm, he likes to wear new and admiring bands and takes obvious delight in showing off the trophies, memorabilia and medals—137 so far—that he medical research has won him from around the globe. Selye has been called "the medical Einstein" but Einstein must have been more approachable. The apple of Selye's might refer-



the above and not back in 1935 when as an 18-year-old medical student in Prague he asked himself: Why are sick people so sick? It took a syndrome of simply being sick?

He came to North America in 1930 on a Rockefeller grant in search of his answer, by 1932 he was in Montreal and had an

work first at McGill later at the Université de Montréal. But he discovered, developed similar glandular/endocrine values and glandular disorders, whatever different hormones of cold or heat, or other disorders he explored them to stress is the rate of wear and tear on an organism. Selye labelled the rate similar reaction to stress the "General Adaptation Syndrome," and he was in the constant experience of all organisms, under stress from rain to starvation to burn.

The final stage of the syndrome is the setting off of an alarm reaction, the alarm

Selye in Montreal office, giving a lecture back to the teachers of Jesus Christ



heart and sudden, instant energy mobilizes the will to surmount to satisfy, empowers the mind to survive to win. The second stage is exhaustion, the strain to run, the physical energy is used, finally in the third stage, complete exhaustion. When the physical resources of the body are used, there would be no tests of light or strength—hence Selye

has a contention that stress can be productive.

Having confined his place in the medical profession, Selye has in the past two decades turned to writing, lecturing and spreading the good news of stress's constructive powers. He has, he believes, translated his medical insights into a code of human behavior or, as he modestly puts it, "given scientific basis to the teachings of Jesus Christ." Even his neighbor's love he exhorts.

Looking over the man's schedule, one wonders if he hasn't an obsession with accumulating more. He gave 108 lectures last year and this year will be as busy throughout from Montreal to Monte Carlo, talks from Toronto to Tokyo, seminars throughout the United States. Selye has authored 2,000 articles, 38 books and has become something of a property without whose imprimatur or forward no stress book, course or product can sell well. He is slightly embarrassed by the words in the "garden" of stress management and is becoming warmer about what he is associated with. When he chooses to speak, he has a \$5,000 which he donates to the International Institute of Stress. For himself, he only insists on travelling first class, never in a less comfortable one, for Hans Selye? "I like people to come up to the end say 'You saved my life. I was going to commit suicide and I need your book. Not a modest goal, but if anyone feels better, it's a Selye. He has beaten cancer, is winning with old age through a vigorous program of exercise and swimming and glows with the hope of helping humanity."

His voice is starting to fade to a hoarse whisper, he apologizes to his interviewers because he has been up and working 4 a.m. He is in very good mood, people can live on stress—and that time after national recognition and admiration help.

Val Bous

says, he woke up a non-maker.

Nurpaj's teacher was Sir Ray, once a special assistant to former Montreal premier Ed Schreyer, now a self-taught stressologist. He offers (for \$100 for fear 34-hour classes) his own version of Relaxation Response—a technique based on the theory developed by Dr. Herbert Benson of Harvard, plus the distribution of Ray's own speech through meditation and Arise training (arise and body deep relaxation, exercises). Ray says the stressologist as part of a revolution in human consciousness. "The 1970s were when people, disillusioned with politics, decided to work on themselves. The 1980s will see taking that consciousness into the streets, making business a meditation."

But whoever is offering to alleviate stress, one personal question keeps popping up: When should people change their personal attitudes and learn to

adapt—and when is it more appropriate to fight, to reform the situation responsible for the stress? Competitive, combative, positive stress is in the foundations of industrial society, and when the edifice is buffeted by economic gases, the stresses show everywhere. Dr. Ian Alger, the Ontario-born president of the American Orthopsychiatric Society, told a North American wide conference last month that inflation is responsible for increasing mental disorders, it's because of soaring interest rates, said Alger, not personal angst, that more and more businessmen are heading off to New York office. The unemployment picture is likewise bleak for the individual, retired, and in studies covering a century, Professor Bruce Provner of Johns Hopkins University has demonstrated that even a one-per-cent increase in unemployment shows up as increased suicides, cardiovascular dis-



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Stress and mental hospital admissions.

As for work, Howard studied one of Canada's largest corporations and concluded that the most stressful people were in the middle and lower ranks where they felt unrecognized for their efforts, powerless and frustrated. "Two fatal ailments," concludes Saskatchewan's Associate Deputy Minister of Labor Bob Suss. "Stressful, alienating work or unemployment. Not much of a choice."

The saddest irony is that most stress-algorithms aren't even reaching the people who need their services most—not the corporate and professional clients but those who can't afford to pay. The U.S. National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health studied 22,000 health records of employees in 130 different occupations. By clearing treatment for coronary disease, hypertension and ulcers, the stress in occupations was able to pinpoint the 10 most stressful groups: unskilled laborers, assembly-line inspectors, clerical lab technicians, mid-level office managers, foremen, managers, administrators, welders and welders, machine operators, farm owners, meat workers and house painters. Most of them, it's safe to say, still react to stress in the traditional way: getting drunk, getting snick, losing lives of quiet desperation.

They have little recourse at present, all but a medical doctor's or psychiatrist's stress-reducing services are beyond the pale of medicine. Last month, in a brief presented to the American Society of Human Resources in Toronto, the Canadian Mental Health Association argued that legislation and payment of the cost of public health must reflect new ideas in the treatment of mental health problems, including emphasis on preventive psychiatry. One question which Mr. Justice Hild, one of the original architects of modern care, may have to consider by his inquiry's end-of-June deadline is: should the scope of public support be expanded to include stress-recovery programs



and, if so, expanded how far?

Only little by little are some stress-algorithms broadening their treatment. The Canadian Labor Congress does offer a referral counseling program in cooperation with the United Way organization in Canada's bigger cities. Meanwhile, a few individual unions are taking the initiative to bargain, not for higher wages but for stress-reducing programs in working conditions, according to the Association of University and College Employees. Local 2 is in negotiations after a strike at Simon Fraser University. The union wants 1 1/2 hours, twice weekly, paid time off for fitness classes. Local 24 president, Kathryn Wellington, explains, "We feel this is at least as important as anything we can get monetarily, especially when money's tight." But more typically the trade union movement has shied away from such ventures because, as Bob Suss explains, "to get involved individuals alone the problem of stress—make it the responsibility of the victim. I suggest we pay more attention to the factors in the workplace that create stress—shift work, dangerous working conditions."

At the bottom of all the brown-streaking and back-painin' lurks the most profound question of the stress management movement: are alienation, thwarted desire and frustrated ambition intrinsically a part of Western industrialized civilization?

A fascinating story recently emerged from American branch-plant factories in Malaysia where there were strange things among women pieceworkers there, unaccompanied, paid \$1.50 a day,

Stress-algorithm they rethink clients' (left), a rethinking S-G. That right to own-work.



and culture-shocked from their traditional Muslim backgrounds to life on the factory floor, these women workers were throwing mass fits, falling down, fainting and shrieking that they were possessed by evil—demons. The only relief Malaysia industrial psychologists have discovered lies in reintegrating tradition to the workplace—and sacrificing a god.

The North American stress-algorithms might be thought of as god-sacrificing. In the final analysis, superficial or irrelevant though their work may be in relation to the real causes of stress, they help. They bring the distressed together. By helping the paired release their pain, the stress industry is filling a schism gap in Canadian life. Ruth Lange, 63, living on a farm a lonely 180 miles out of Regina, felt utterly out of when her four sons grew up and moved out. The idea that she was managing the formidable sadness of their departure was her chronic feeling of exhaustion and lifelessness. After attending three workshops in Moose Jaw, she's feeling that "life's more fun. I'm even taking up playing the organ again." Ed Blackman, a 47-year-old street maintenance supervisor and president of Winnipeg's Canadian Union of Public Employees Local 580, brought his negotiating team to a stress workshop. "My people were under a lot of pressure, and they were starting to get at each other—and me." "I knew this brief half-day workshop 'almost brought tears to my eyes,' says Blackman, "to see the dawning of our self-understanding." Not bad for a morning's work—and by no means unimportant. ☐

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One Oskar tailor-made to win another

THE PRODIGAL
Directed by Volker Schlöndorff

The *The Dream* could have been tailor-made to win this year's best foreign-film Oscar. It's serious (symbolic, allegorical and all), sweeping (Gangl, Hirsche [long-winded] and important [there are Nazis in it]). Adapted from Günter Grass's best-selling 1959 novel, it's a prodigious item, and not just your impoverished acres d'estime often more than \$10-million box office gross in Germany alone. That is the Academy's seal of Art—a rare bit for those who feel they should have a little bit of it each year so that nobody can call them dumb-dumb. The Oscar will make the movie a hit, the Academy will have done itself proud and everyone will be satisfied.

There's a well-satisfied, contenting quality to *The Tin Drum* (that's another found in the novel). Picaresque, ribald and wild with wordy invention, Grass's novel was a boy, Oskar, as a earnest symbol for Germany itself before, during and after the Second World War. Promised a tin drum on his third birthday, Oskar, who wanted to ensh-

Bresson: Involuntarily delivery of movement



back into the world anyway, decides to never grow up, arranges a plausible accident to explain his lack of growth, stays stunted and plays the drum to downcast what he doesn't want to hear. He has, too, a singular talent: the force of his high-pitched screams can shatter glass, overpowering all conflicting rhetoric. From his adolescent position in the world (few better is savior him) he survives while other people/symbols crash in the rubble of the Third Reich. Left orphaned after the war, he finally

has to pay a price he has to grow up. Without the novel to light the way, this symbolic interpretation can seem confusing. Director Volker Schlöndorff doesn't have a grasp on the material; there's no unifying tone to tie all the picaresque scenes together thematically. What, for example, are the Nazi sequences supposed to mean? Hobsenrat had a more secure sense of purpose. The three-screened drama in *The Tin Drum* is on the screen like bunched whales. We aren't provided with Oskar's motivation for wanting to be stunted, other than the most cursory centring on a party where adults behave feebly, and we aren't given a consistent viewpoint, sometimes the camera is Oskar's eyes, often not. At the beginning, where Oskar's mother is conceived when his

Sutherland, Somers: chick-pea-brain lawyer



grandfather hides underwater his grandfather's sin in a potato patch, the style is that of a classic movie, reminiscent of *Tom Jones*. That's about as exotic as the movie gets.

The characters in the film are dramed of Mr. Oskar's mother (Angela Winkler), who kills herself with a fish-string faience and is perversely whimsical of the passage gambled by the Reich, is too pallid to support such symbolic weight. Only two scenes—Oskar emerging reluctantly from his mother's red-carpeted womb, and his drowning during a Nazi rally into beer-hall murmurings—retain Grass's absurdist vitality. To play the boy,

Schlöndorff chose 12-year-old David Bresson, who has an actual growth problem and delivers the goods visually—sneaky, easily evil gnawing eyes and an instinctive delivery of movement—but he's wasted from the start and there's no character progression. The movie has been edited to a vacuum. Schlöndorff is never as tasteful (or true to Grass) as to crack a joke, which amounts for Oskar's Oscar. *The Tin Drum* is hollow, a stupid rags-to, as though David Levin had discovered Nazis. It's the People's Choice for Art.

LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Now the blonde leading the bland

NOTHING PERSONAL
Directed by George Blumfeld

They said a moviebill when they christened—and christened—this one. *Nothing Personal* with Suzanne Somers and Donald Sutherland, the fruit of last year's crop of Canadian movies, could have been made with rubber gloves there's so little evidence of the personal in it. It's a deal, a way to make money and has nothing to do with showing an audience a good time. Part of its dumb impersonality derives from its reputation, television, because the TV stars showing up to movies right now (John Ritter, Somers, the *Saturday Night Live* crowd) are backstage. They can hold their own in a series by looking back on their studio, winning reputation, but their personalities peep out in a movie: they haven't acquired a range and don't have the emotional resources to draw upon—television has consigned them and conditioned them.

As Christy in *Three's Company*, Somers is fancy: the chick-pea-brained times that drone out of her are perfectly, hilariously in character. All she has to do is open her mouth—she's the best of a joke. As the Washington lawyer in *Nothing Personal* who can't attract any clients (wonder why?), she's the blonde leading the bland, in the person of Sutherland as a college professor trying to stop the slaughter of seals in Alaska. A good experience is to go to the scene of these two little winks to build a wisecracking complex. Sums and Sutherland join forces to stop it. Purportedly a comedy, this sleazy thing has the timing of a circus elephant and its social consciousness is in context, an uneasy joke. There ought to be a law limiting the number of Suzanne Somers winks, not to mention the Suzanne Somers libelous women—in this case, a blots-hall. Can you imagine this woman defending you on a murder charge? God help us all.

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Consistently or inconsistently—even his friends aren't sure which—Danny Finkelman cultivates deception. Hip, cocky and street-wise, he chooses instead to present a contrived, lachrymose facade: pensive leaders and cards, modest demeanor. Although endowed with a carnival barker's brash energy, he insists on striking a low-key, anti-type pose which extends to attempting publicity blackouts on all his work. "I just like to sneak onto the air," he says, "and let the audience find me eventually." The innovative radio genius (who, when presented with the graveyard Saturday morning slot on CBC-RM, single-handedly developed a newsworthy success, *The Danny Finkelman Saturday Show*) also shucks off accolades. "He's the general overnight sensation who's worked at it for 10 years," says his friend, writer-broadcaster Michael Knight, "and now everybody's huddled down in the weeks pursuing for him."

The reason the 25-year-old ex-Winnipegger may soon be shuffling for dozens in his recent coup as executive producer of CBC Radio's new flagship entertainment show, *Twenty Tonight*, which premiered on March 26, is a two-hour Monday-to-Friday pop/rock of eclectic and floor-sweeping music, comedy and shrewd interviews from across the country. Finkelman not only snagged one of the highest budgets in CBC Radio history (\$1 million annually) but overhauled up the three slots of 10 other shows. *Scene*, the 99 Minutes *MTM* a *Ballot*, have been reworked; most, *The Touch* the *Rock* and *Country Road*, have disappeared. So Finkelman is faced with combating both the legendary legacy of CBC Radio-fans and the nagging of cynical colleagues (one producer dismisses the show as being "disappointing and much too laid back"). A less confident man might quail, but Finkelman is unapologetic. "We're working our heads off," he says about the *Silly As* dinner at the office on Toronto's Jarvis Street. "But we're having a ball."

In fact, working his head off and having fun is a good description of Finkelman's recent formula. He first joined

the CBC in Winnipeg in 1968 as a free-lance interviewer, after graduating from law school. ("In the words of Mr. Bessie," he says with a laugh, "I was so good I never had to practice.") He then moved on to his own photo-out show, *Asiatica*, anticipating the highly successful *Art Happens* format. A year into the show he was well on the way to his neo-lachrymose, seat-of-the-pants style and learning to trust his own instincts rather than traditional broadcasting clichés. "I had the worst microphone experience in the country and I never improved." But it led him to Toronto where over the next decade he wrote,



produced, directed, hosted or made guest appearances on radio and television shows such as *This Country* or the *Morning and 99 Minutes* *Live*.

It wasn't until he gumbled on the Saturday morning program in 1974 that he found the proper format for what became his trade mark: irreverence, energy, a love of trivia and word juxtaposition. The result was a charming, if occasionally abrasive, go-for persona. He spun the dance of fustian, 30s singers and Canadian actors nobody but Finkelman had yet discovered. He frequently indulged his interest in sports by pinning a ribbon to his sweat

shirt and going one-on-one with the past. And he introduced regular guests as comrades in their boat. *Barber Guido Barber* (now of *Saturday Night Live* fame), who purports to be the gossip columnist of the Vatican newspaper; *Joe Paine*, a walking test shirt who never pronounced his R's.

Last June 20, Finkelman signed off for good with his farewell "That's it, everybody" and began to work on *Twenty Tonight*, a vehicle that may be ideal for Danny Finkelman, even though his own voice won't be heard. To disgruntled broadcast veterans, his choice of the station that will be heard says on the bureau—none have lasted much air time. For instance, host David Cole, who must seamlessly stitch together 10 hours a week of trivia, music, sketches and studio feeds, is a former radio sound engineer.

But it's already looking like another Finkelman gamble that will pay off. The lack of polish in producing the fresh, gritty, direct quality that Finkelman's act tells him is right for the contemporary, over-30 audience he's after.

Finkelman before time, in 1972, with host David Cole after word-of-mouth momentary



The word-of-mouth momentum he prefers has already grown enough that Danny's show is turning out to be the most exciting thing we've done in variety in years." And another wunderkind producer, who suffered another birth pangs when his *Sunday Morning* show began in 1970, is impressed with what the show has achieved so far. Says Mark Stavisky: "Twenty Tonight has the level of originality that's worth a million bucks. It must be 10 years since people have been walking around the radio building discussing theories of entertainment." **Terry Posidon**

A prophet in her own country—Acadia



By Mark Cosman

Ahead in white sweeps the door at Acadia. Maillet's spacious home in Quinman. On the coffee table in the solar stands a finely carved miniature canoe, modelled after the one that carries the cover of Maillet's latest best-selling novel, *Pilgrimage-Cherette*, with a red bowie protruding from its prow. "They're best pointing in ever since I won the Governor," Maillet explains. "This one was actually carved from very old wood"—presumably to match the 18th-century provenance of her own *Belles-herbes*. Such is the exponential growth of Maillet's success that soon work will begin on a full-scale model. With a budget as at \$15 million, bilingual actors and both French and English sound tracks, production will start on film and television mini-series versions of *Pilgrimage* early in 1991.

Since being awarded France's most honored literary prize, the Académie française, the Acadia novelist has become a cultural superman. Her crowning on Nov. 19 at the Desroches restaurant in Paris, where the Governor Jarry is a parody of French bourgeois manners every year, consumed a heavy lunch before publicly voting in the successful nominee, was the culmination of a high-pressure media campaign initiated by her French publisher last spring. The Gov-

Maillet of home surrounded by awards; new Acadia business La Sagoune (below) as played by Lévesque and Pilgrimage (right) and the of *Belles-herbes* Maillet accepting the Governor's prize for the Acadia novelist

and Paris." Maillet seems initially qualified to play roles such as these; in fact, she plays them so well they seem to be written for her alone.

Though Acadia is her first country, Canada owes a close second. If the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism had ever concocted a recipe for the ideal Canadian, Antoine Maillet would have filed the bill admirably. The proportion of francophones in anglophones (one-third to two-thirds) is greater in her home province than anywhere else in Canada outside Quebec, and she herself is fluent in both languages. Her work is well known in Quebec in addition to a half-dozen short stories and novels set in Acadia (*Don't Forget* won the 1971 Governor-General's Award and was translated into English); she has written seven plays including *La Sagoune*, now a chance singer Canadian francophone as the result of a highly successful television series starring Yveline Lévesque and Novella Boudin. Her work is well known in Quebec in addition to a half-dozen short stories and novels set in Acadia (*Don't Forget* won the 1971 Governor-General's Award and was translated into English); she has written seven plays including *La Sagoune*, now a chance singer Canadian francophone as the result of a highly successful television series starring Yveline Lévesque and Novella Boudin.

But despite her palpable charm and forthright opinion, Maillet rarely lets slip the public mask she has chosen for herself. She does talk about how she wanted to write almost as soon as she became aware of her own existence in *Belles-herbes*, New Brunswick, the heart of Acadia, some 50 years ago. She also talks about her role as a spokesperson for her country and identifies her personal desire to see an artist with the destiny of the Acadia people. "I think I've succeeded in depriving the saying, 'No man is a prophet in his own country.' Everywhere—in Acadia, naturally, but also in Quebec and even in Canada—I'm the poet who tells a story, the one who bridges the gap between folk memory and literary history. My role is one becoming that of an ambassador I represent Acadia in Montreal, New York

and Paris." Maillet seems initially qualified to play roles such as these; in fact, she plays them so well they seem to be written for her alone.



Though it's not marked on any official map, by common consent it's the plot of the province's northwestern shore that has been Prince Edward Island. This wasn't always so—until 1763. Acadia encompassed all the lands northward to the Bay of Fundy in both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Its capital was Grand Pré on the Minas Basin and its francophone inhabitants traced their ancestry (as many Acadians still do) back to the first French colonists brought by Chaussegny to Port Royal in the summer of 1605. So taken were they by the new land, the story goes, that they called it Acadia, a Canadian Renaissance term for a pastoral paradise, but the later shock, perhaps under the influence of sub-zero temperatures, to Acadia. The colony finally took hold in the 18th century and was thriving by 1763, the year of "The Great Departure" when the British Governor Lawrence, anticipating the Seven Years' War and convinced that the Acadians would not swear allegiance to the Crown, burned Grand Pré to the ground

and sent 5,000 Acadians into exile. The Great Departure is to the Acadians what the Plains of Abraham was to the Québécois, yet the only Acadian equivalent to Montcalm has traditionally been Evangéline, a character created by the Acadian poet Henry LeGrande, who, as separated from her lover, Gabriel, at the morning star on the first day of the Deportation. She spends the rest of her life looking for him and finally succeeds, but Gabriel is on his deathbed and the double shock of joy and sorrow kills Evangéline too. Now Maillet has given Acadia a new heroine to replace her, but the two women differ significantly. Evangéline was an isolated and tragic embodiment of unending love and patriotism, whereas Pilgrimage is hope incarnate, a liberator who, 15 years after the Deportation, leaves the farms in Georgia where she has been virtually ostracized, breaks up her secret and returns at the head of triumphant processions of dispersed Acadians to redefine her birthright. This novel (justly an epic), filled with pa-

tristic fervor and the glorification of heroic failures, might not be to everyone's taste but Acadians understandably like it just fine.

The parallel between Pilgrimage and Maillet are not hard to find. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that Maillet is ready to run the baton of a politically autonomous Acadia (the line doesn't arise for Pilgrimage, who is awakened up by midnight along with her cat on the tree in every Maillet's vision of the Acadia nation is of a "people," a cultural entity in the largest sense, and her feelings about political power are best expressed by her other fictional personae, La Sagoune, who stoops over her wash bucket, muttering, "You gotta know yer place." Maillet's Sagoune embodies the traditional Acadia temperament, shaped by the church and acutely aware of inevitable political setbacks. Her creator claims that even today few Acadians feel compelled to voice open resentment against English Canada, speaking the old Acadia French or even everyday Canadian French is not a taboo because their identity is secure.

Not everyone is as ungrudging about Acadia's prospects as Maillet, and some Acadians resent her self-appointed role as their prophet. Says Denise Gaudet, president of the Parti acadien,



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whose political platform includes dividing off part of New Brunswick into a separate francophone province within the existing Canadian federation. "Acadiane Mallet's opinions are politically very limited. She's against political autonomy for Acadians—her vision is of an international Acadian community bound by the Acadian culture. That may be okay in theory, but it just isn't practical. She's not really up to date on what's happening." Adds Paul LeBlanc, secretary-general of the New Brunswick Acadian Society whose aim is to improve the lot of Acadians by renegotiating the terms upon which their rights are enshrined in the province: "If Acadiane Mallet were to become a politician she could do a lot—it would be like listening to the advice of your best friend, you'd think, 'Hey, maybe she's right.'"

These challenges to Mallet's pre-eminent position in the ranks of Acadia leave her unmoved. While she feels, like all Acadians, that the francophone minority in New Brunswick is a member state enjoying the rights and privileges of the anglophone majority, she isn't convinced that a more politically autonomous Acadia (or Quebec, for that matter) is a good thing for Acadians. As far as her personal commitment is concerned, "When people ask me 'Why don't you get involved in politics?' I say that with one page of *Le Nouveau* I've done more for Acadia than any speech I could ever make." Certainly *Le Nouveau* and *Piquet* here gives Acadian self-esteem a tremendous boost. "Whatever the politics of the Governor, and obviously a prize awarded by publicity must renege far which there is intense lobbying will cause debate in many quarters, Mallet's reaction to her success is unimpaired, and she repeatedly deflects the glory away from herself to her native land. "I feel I've given Acadia a present worthy of its 25th birthday. But what's more important is that the Governor has brought Acadia a universal recognition."

There is a much wider dimension to Mallet's popularity, however, which cannot be explained simply by her recognition of Acadia. It's clear that her ability to draw the downed world of the earth in human and heroic games is enjoyed by an unusually heterogeneous and often unsophisticated audience. While touring the south of France, she was acclaimed as a "defender of the provinces" against the "invader of the capital." These two very contrasting antagonisms surfaced with appropriate degrees of spite and scorn in several harsh reviews of *Piquet* in the Paris press, one critic claiming that he sounds rather speaking an ancient dialect across a vast and historical stage here "as much relationship to the real

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André as Disneyland down to the real world." Similar sentiments were expressed in Quebec (though less publicly) by leading writers like Victor-Lévy Beauregard to have the first non-Quebecan Governor appointed to someone from outside Quebec has disappointed many. To admit separately especially such glory devolving upon someone like Béliveau was a major step backwards. Maillet himself has little patience with this kind of carrying. "Don't look for any political undertones in my work—a book doesn't have to have a moral or goal to make the world feel happy."

Maillet is equally dismissive of the so-called "difficulty" of reading the *André* duclot splices by many of her characters. Much has been made of the fact that modern *André* is largely re-touched 18th-century French with a lexicon each one greater than the previous 17th-century "classical" French, but Maillet says, "I'm not trying to rehabilitate an ancient language. This is just a book—I personally don't want to speak that way." Some English-Canadian critics displayed typical anglophone scholasticism by hailing *Pilgrimage* as a great work of art (ignoring, as always, what of the Ottawa), then understanding it by complaining that even francophones can't read it. The trick is that, although some words in *Pilgrimage* are foreign, their meaning invariably comes clear in the context of the narrative. But problems of comprehension will become academic in the full with the release of the English translation by a New York publisher. That, and the upcoming cross-Canada tour of *Le Seigneur* in English, should win Maillet new audiences.

Although she has finally been able to go back to writing (she will collaborate on the screenplay of *Pilgrimage* and a sequel to the novel is also planned, along with a possible television mini-series as booklogging in New Brunswick, public attention has been drawn to her again with the announcement of the short-list for the Governor-General's Awards. Not to be outdone by the Governor-General's, the jury chose three Quebecois writers over Maillet for the French-language fiction prize. Literary events are in theory given on equal terms but many are speculating that the omission could be read as a direct rebuke to Maillet's defiant sympathies and a Québec finger in the face of the Governor. When asked about the possibility of winning the Governor-General's before the short-list announcement was made, Maillet claimed she hadn't even thought about it. "I've already won it once," she said, as if winning twice was cabaret of the fading, apparently, a mistake. After all, with the Governor and a sovereign status, what more could she want? ☐

A few too many helpings of Prairie Gothic

GENTLE SHIVERS
By W.D. Valgardson
(Toronto, \$7.95 soft cover)

Gentle Shivers is not glib. Every surface has its meaning and casts its shadow. But much as the eye W.D. Valgardson has put into it makes as well as is so good, it suffers from the excess of Prairie Gothic. In the lovely poor town of Elderville, Manitoba,

ent, opening on almost as much as they do in its interior. Short stories—the crafting of which has brought Valgardson notice—that manage to present a single mood with such clarity have accomplished much. A novel that does only this has accomplished too much. The style seems better suited to a short story, for as a novel it just mood and give meaning Valgardson seems to have appended a simile or metaphor to every description. If there are spare ones they run like the spores of some mysterious fungus: "a ball isn't just big and threatening but in like 'some great mythical beast.'" There is nothing wrong per se with this imagery but it piles up until we yearn for a surface that is just a surface.

Valgardson is at his best in some short passages. Eric's escape from Big Tree down a river in a storm is vividly described, and a scene in which a peeping tom acts out his fantasies has a light touch the rest of the book lacks (although the ending of the episode is entirely grim enough). But ultimately, as the mood becomes unsettling, characters who start out full of complexities become shallower and less substantial until, like the last guests at a party that began well, we wish there were a little more. David Webber



Valgardson, sampling for a surface left bare

If you are not gruff but good at gruff and evil you are gruff and half-evil. A character that is not outwardly violent probably is so inwardly. A character wise in the ways of nature turns out to be half Indian. In Elderville, belief in a supernatural religion is a sign of an evil nature.

The book tells the story of a 17-year-old boy who runs from his religious fanatic parents and is taken up by his gruff but good uncle. Eric, the lad, starts on an enigmatic Big Tree, the town's building, romantic hotel. His uncle begins to humanize the troubled youth by teaching him to work with his hands. The summer ends the beginning of Eric's growth and self-discovery. The dreamers, pessimists, believers and violence of the town are antagonized

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Alice in Loonyland and a Mixmaster out of control

by Alan Fotheringham

What is so depressing about the interference wars that split us is the neo-spiritual nature of the battle. I talk not of the overrated separatist Armageddon but of the easy way of nerve denting between lefty Ottawa and an increasingly belated Alberta. To witness it is to despair. To travel between the two foreign lands is to weep. Two cultural autists, Muskies at the ready. Don't worry about Quebec, that at least still contains its arguments in relatively civilized tones. One does not yet feel a hostile intruder on entering its borders, but Fortium Alberta is developing xenophobic priors.

For starters, Mr Trudeau demonstrated himself either a delicate provocateur for a careless last-term prime minister with the supercilious of long-haired Marc Lalonde to the crucial energy portfolio—which means, essentially, omnipotent in the kingdom of Alberta. Lalonde is two men: Kas-

tenly charming and witty on private social occasions, he is a hairless jelly-flyer when on government business (which is, when you think about it, dealing with other hair-bearing) Lalonde's family has farmed the same land on an island in the St. Lawrence for eight generations and he has inherited that genetic stubbornness. More important, he is—The Prime Tradesman—someone who came to the provincial premiership as an uninvited official and backroom bruiser and has returned (like Tradesman) a thinly disguised impatient with the bothersome business of accountability. It is hard to think of a worse choice for an energy minister who must earn the trust and co-operation (and charm and capital) of the suspicious tenants of a Western Canada that, at the polls, demonstrated it doesn't like Liberals.

In this atmosphere of inspired diplomacy (from arrogant) Ottawa, we travel. *Alice in Loonyland* is a column for the *FP News Service*.

to Leithbridge, played last week for the four western provinces in their annual coffee to back the high-mortgage odds of Upper Canada. This is standard litany, most of it true, and legitimate grievance, but it is the atmosphere that appals Prince Peter Lougheed, of course, a host, his reasons controlling not only the manner but the tone of the gathering. The tone? Cynicism. There has always been, around Lougheed, a somewhat parasitoid ap-



made. There is an Alice-in-Loonyland tone to it all, a premier's staff gone mad with power, a robot corps monitoring defiance against an imaginary hostile world outside. The extent to which semi-serious people in Alberta feel that the tanks are almost on the border cannot be exaggerated.

Alberta, to its credit, is the only province in the country that has a provincial weekly newspaper, *Alberta Reports*—a paranoiac (which is to say

good) version of *Maclean's* or *Time* or *Newsweek*. It's a very useful and pretty competent effort. In the latest edition, the full-page letter from the publisher is headlined, WHY IS OTTAWA DELIBERATELY TRYING TO PROVOKE ALBERTA? A backcountry plot is unveiled. "Either we do what we are told [by Lalonde], or the resources will be taken away from us." Who did Mr Trudeau send a note Lalonde to ask to Mr. Lougheed, "since one head of government should deal with another?" I think I'm giggling about the cynicism, saying he will talk only to Jimmy Carter.

This paranoia that the feds are about to "take" Alberta's resources is one that constantly resurged at Leithbridge. Peter Lougheed warned again and again that he wouldn't stand for something that I don't think anyone thinks is going to happen. The obtuse Ottawa centralizers will don't understand the regional complaints, but the evidence that they plan to "take" anything, like Iran taking Iran's oil, exists only in the imaginations of those who have had legitimate grievances against the grand and proven colonization of Conna City, our beloved capital.

The incredible spectacle is that Alberta, wallowing in wealth, has whipped itself into a frenzy, partly at its own making. The a short-circuited Bluesetter that has run out of control. What I'm trying to say is that if you think May 30 is the end of your troubles, just wait until Mr. Charro from Ottawa looks backside with The Boys from Warsaw.



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